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MEMOIRS

OF

GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.

MEMOIRS

OF

GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.

WITH

SOME PASSAGES FROM HER DIARY

23204

BY

EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

AUTHOR OF

"SHERBORNE," "THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER POEMS,"
"FLORENCE DANBY," "LETHELIER."
&c., &c.

"παλαίσμαθ' ἡμῶν ὁ βίος."—EURIP. SUPPL.

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TO THE

RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

My dear Lord,

By your kind permission I have the honour and advantage of dedicating to your Lordship this memoir of my most beloved and most lamented wife. Were I to say that I had the strongest reasons for asking you to grant me that favour, I should indeed say the truth, but imply something less; for the fact is that it was morally impossible for me to have done otherwise. You, my Lord, read her soul from the very beginning of your acquaintance, helped and supported her through the worst of her spiritual trials, guided her when the time had come for direction, comforted me, as no one else could have done, in the bitter sorrow that so soon came upon me.

Of the letters you wrote to her, the sermon

you preached or rather spoke, when you stood by her coffin in Baddesley Church, I will only say that I never can be sufficiently grateful for your having spoken the one, and written the others.

Who am I that I should presume to say more. What should I be if I were to say less?

Permit me, my Lord, to take this public opportunity of expressing my own personal gratitude for the kindness—may I say friendship?—with which during the last ten years, you have honoured me.

I remain, my dear Lord,

Your most devoted servant,

EDWARD HENEAGE DERING.

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MEMOIRS

OF

GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

I WRITE this memorial sketch in two characters, distinct in themselves, accidentally united in me. I write it as a husband made desolate by the death of one who was everything in the world to him, and I write it as the same husband, desolate indeed, but filled with gratitude to Almighty God for special blessings that can have no equivalent.

A cynic might incompletely define the present age as the age of Biographies; and, perhaps, within its own very narrow limits, the definition might not be found wanting in a certain amount of truth. Certainly, the number of biographies, long and short, hero-worshipping and critical, is excessive;

and, perhaps, their particular use is not always apparent. But their number will not seem so surprising, nor their special use so hard to discover, if we bear in mind the fact that they are not all written for all readers.

But, perhaps, modern civilisation, taking me to task with the gravity becoming its infallible wisdom, might ask what I mean by writing the life of one who never invented any machine, never read a paper at a Social Science Congress, and was altogether out of harmony with the "Spirit of the Age." Well! it is true that she was out of harmony with the sentimental materialism, the weary cravings, the speculations without Faith or Hope, the melancholy trifling with all that really concerns this life and the next, which is pompously styled the Spirit of the Age.

It is true, indeed, emphatically true, that she was not what is conventionally styled a strong-minded woman. But never, among the countless varieties of mind and disposition that colour the long line of human history, coming and going like sparkles of moonlight on the ocean—never among all the infinitesimal shades of difference that theory or the experience of ages has found or imagined, was there any living creature born of woman to whom the term mediocrity is more inapplicable than to the subject of this Memoir: and all who

knew her will recognize the truth of this statement.

This is not a biography in the strict sense of the word. It is a memorial sketch of one whose life was a continued act of Catholic self-development, whose principles of action might have served as a model to good Catholics long before Almighty God had given her the light of the Faith, whose unswerving conscientiousness made her endure exceptionally painful trials, of soul, intellect, and heart, for ten years, through fear of being deceived by the influence of human affection, and who, during that long period of mental martyrdom, never lost sight of the question at issue, never sought relief by turning aside from a difficulty, never ceased to pray for light till the light had been given.

It can be but a sketch; for if it were more, it would extend beyond the limits of the reader's leisure, and be out of harmony with my own feelings, which prompt me, indeed, to give some approximate notion of the most beautiful female character I have ever known, but certainly not to sound the depths of my own immeasurable loss before the public.

The picture must of necessity be incomplete. It cannot adequately depict the purity of soul, the singleness of purpose, the simplicity of intention, the strong humility, the valiant conscientiousness

which I saw in continued action, daily and hourly, during seventeen years. Nor can I give any idea of all those attractive and endearing qualities to which one can give no name because they showed themselves in ways ever fresh and new. Very few people indeed—perhaps not half a dozen in the world—knew what her intellectual powers really were. Her writings—of which I will only say here that they have been appreciated by the two most critical minds I know, do not give their measure nor their quality; for the creative vigour of her mind was always so far in excess of her physical health, that she never could apply to the carrying out of her conceptions the time and labour which they required and deserved.

Twelve letters from the Bishop of Birmingham will (by permission of course) appear in their proper places. Of them, I shall only permit myself to say that they will cause the reader to forget, as far as possible, the many faults and deficiencies that he will have discovered in my share of the work. It would be unseemly in me to say more, and there is no need to tell English Catholics as much. It is sufficient that I have said who wrote them.

Though a memorial sketch is not a biography, there is this much in common between them, that both are life-pictures, and if the one is, more or

less, a miniature, whilst the other expresses the subject with as few touches as will suffice for the purpose, in either case a likeness is intended. But since a likeness drawn in words over the space of a life-history, cannot be apprehended by the mind at once—for that would imply that the reader could take in the whole and all its parts by intuition, which human minds cannot do—there must be a beginning; and the beginning should, if possible, be morally connected with what is to follow. It has been written, and much quoted, that "the child is the father of the man;" and no doubt the author of that oracular utterance might have added with Hans Breitmann, "God knows I meant somedings." One cannot pick any particular meaning out of it as it stands, for paternity is creative, whereas the germ of the man's character pre-exists in that of the child; but it reminds one of a fact which all experience attests, that if we cannot create our own character, we can and do develope it, upwards or downwards, from dispositions more or less traceable in childhood. How well, how firmly, how consistently, my most beloved wife trained herself, and how distinctly the leading principle of her life can be recognised in her earliest recollections, the following pages will show.

The first part of the Memoirs will be taken from her Diary. The rest will be partly written, partly

compiled by myself. I use the word *Diary* to avoid a circumlocution, there being no single word, so far as I know, to express what it is. It is really a series of recollections, jotted down at various times, and extending, with uncertain intervals, over some years. I had some doubts as to whether I should make use of it, or write that part of the Memoir as well as the rest. On the one hand I could have made it far more interesting as regards herself than her humility would allow her to do; on the other, I felt that what is written in the private Diary of one who has passed from this world, leaving a void which can never he filled, has a special interest of its own, and, as it were, a living character. I have, therefore, adopted the latter course, and begin the Memoir in her own words. For the convenience of the reader, I have divided it into chapters, and slightly indicated the contents of each.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER DIARY—RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

MY first recollections are of the house in which I was born—24, Arlington Street. It looked into the Green Park, and had a little garden of its own, full of old-fashioned sweet-smelling flowers. At least, it was always sweet whenever my father and mother used to stay in Arlington Street with my uncle and aunt Pitt. Every fine day, I used to be turned out into the sweet-scented garden to run wild and play with my doll, and look at the crowd of carriages that seemed to be always driving along Piccadilly—fine old carriages, and vis-à-vis, and state coaches, driven by powdered coachmen sitting on splendid hammercloths, and footmen with tall canes and cocked hats standing behind. Most of the carriages had coronets, or crests, at the four corners of the roof. No cabs, or omnibuses, or even hackney-coaches can I remember. To my childish eyes all

was glitter and show, and the crowd seemed composed of none but ladies and gentlemen bent on amusement. Yet there was a mysterious something beyond that often made me cry without any apparent reason. I learned afterwards what it was—it was the atmosphere of sin which hung about the great city, and which was as perceptible to my moral sense as its fogs of to-day are to my sight.*

The house in Arlington Street belonged, as I have said, to my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Pitt, of Kingston House and Encombe in Dorsetshire. Mrs. Pitt, my mother's sister, was very beautiful,† and becoming, by her marriage,

* Here is the germ of that longing desire for the highest good, that sensitive abhorrence of evil, which, through life, guided her actions and directed her will. Her intuitive perception of sin was often startling. She could detect it at once, as if by the external senses, and that before she was old enough to know what it was that impressed her so painfully. I could mention many remarkable instances, were it expedient to do so; but even if it were, which it cannot be, the story of her life taken in its course, and as far as possible in her own words, is the most natural and life-like form in which her character can be drawn.—E. H. D.

† Mrs. Morton Pitt and her sister Harriett were the two youngest daughters of Mr. Gambier and sisters of Admiral Lord Gambier. They came of a distinguished French family, Gambier de Lavigny, the head of which took refuge in England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Harriett married late in life, the Rev. Lascelles Iremonger, Prebendary of Winchester, and her only child, Georgiana, is the writer of this Diary.

nearly connected with Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt, besides having been brought up, as well as my mother, by their aunt, Lady Middleton, she was necessarily thrown among many of the leading characters of the day.* Soon after her marriage, at seventeen, she and her husband travelled through Italy, and passed some time in Paris, where she danced minuets at Court, and her letters to my mother, now unfortunately destroyed, gave vivid pictures of Marie Antoinette, and of the brilliant fêtes given at that gay time. Little did she think that she was standing over a volcano.

Some of the last masquerades at private houses were given by my aunt in Arlington Street before I was born there. At the last of these, Madame de Staël was present. She had just arrived in England to escape from Parisian censorship, and publish her works out of the protecting shade of a gendarme's cocked hat. At one moment, the crowd being excessive, Madame de Staël remarked to my mother, "Il parait qu'on souffre même ici de la liberté de la presse."

Of course, many more people wished to obtain an invitation card than my aunt could possibly find room for; and as every one wore a mask, the cards were obliged to be shown at the door. An amusing

* Lady Middleton, wife of Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, First Lord of the Admiralty.

expedient to gain admittance was successfully attempted that night. One of the young gentlemen of the day could not obtain a card, but he persuaded a fortunate friend who had been invited, to allow him to go with him as a giant. He dressed himself in long flowing robes, mounted the other man's shoulders, and thus succeeded in getting into the house with only one card. Fortunately his friend was a strong man, and for some time was able to bear the weight of the other without a murmur; but, at last, he began to totter under the weight, and as they approached my aunt, the interloper fancied by the good-humoured expression on her beautiful face that she would forgive his audacity; so he jumped down off his friend's shoulders, and taking off his mask, apologised for his intrusion.

My aunt, as well as her guests, were much amused, and the offender was complimented on his original contrivance, and on possessing so good-natured a friend.

George the Third made a very near approach to a bon-mot on my Uncle Morton Pitt. Some one remarking that Morton Pitt was a very good man of business, the King replied: "No, not a good man of business, but a good busy man." This was the truth, but not the whole truth. If large sympathies laid him open to the reproach of having

too many irons in the fire, some stubborn facts gave practical evidence of judgment and capacity. As a politician, he stands forth in pleasant pre-eminence among that class of members, now become historical, who seemed to bring their county with them into parliament. He was, in fact, an ordinary Member of Parliament, but emphatically Member for Dorsetshire, which county he represented for a period of nearly fifty years, from 1778 to 1825, when he resigned his seat. He was unwearied in his endeavours to promote the interests of the poor, and was the first man of property and influence who exerted himself to ameliorate the condition of prisons.

When at Weymouth, George the Third used frequently to drive over to Kingston, my uncle's place near Dorchester, without giving any notice of his intended visit. One day, he and the Royal Family arrived in large numbers before luncheon time, and were seen walking on the Terrace by my aunt and her friends as they were rowing on the large piece of water below. In their haste to get on shore, their boat got aground, and in attempting to land, they were covered with mud before they reached the lawn.

The King, who was delighted with having surprised them in this condition, and wished to break the formality of the visit, ran forward into the

house, hid himself between the double doors near the entrance to the red drawing-room, and waiting there till he heard the party pass near, he jumped out upon Queen Charlotte as she passed, with the nursery ejaculation of "Bo!" Poor George the Third has had so large a share of condemnation from so many flippant people, that it is pleasant to be able to record such interesting traits of character as those handed down to me by my mother. Another instance of his good-nature occurred when my mother was presented at Court in her seventeenth year. My mother had sometimes met the Royal Family a year or two before in her walks with her Aunt, Lady Middleton, at (I believe) Tunbridge Wells, and they had talked to her in the pleasant familiar way they (but more particularly George the Third) spoke to those they liked; so that when my mother appeared with her hair powdered after the fashion of the time, the good-natured King was so glad to see her, that the conventional kiss, given to young girls on their first presentation, was, on this occasion, so hearty and affectionate that his nose became covered with the powder of her hair. The King's face being rather red, the white powdered nose produced a most ludicrous effect, and the Lords in Waiting, perceiving suppressed laughter among the Court, and seeing the difficulty each succeeding lady ex-

perienced in keeping her countenance as she advanced, ventured to say to the King:

"Your Majesty has powdered your nose."

The King, not quite hearing, but perceiving that something must be wrong, became alarmed, and said:

"What—what—what's the matter; my nose—my nose!"

My mother was almost convulsed with laughter, which she tried in vain to suppress when she saw Queen Charlotte's severe eyes fixed reprovingly on her. At last, the King understood what had occurred, and as he wiped the powder from his nose, he burst into a hearty laugh to the great comfort of my mother, who was then able to take her place in the Minuet de la Cour with becoming gravity and grace. As she was an unusually good dancer, she was much commended—the King declaring that he had never seen a minuet so well danced; and even the stately Queen was heard to say that Miss Gambier was the best dancer she had yet seen in England.

I believe that was nearly the last year of powder and minuets—the most graceful of dances, with its touching and melancholy air, which sounds to me like the dirge of the old French Court and the extinction, perhaps everywhere, of the true "*noblesse qui oblige.*"

It was in the drawing-room of my uncle's house in Arlington Street that Tom Paine, who had been brought there by some one as a sort of lion, was breakfasting with my aunt one day, received a note from one of the Prince Regent's Court to the effect that the Prince was anxious to know if he (Tom Paine) had been bred to the sea. The writer had, by a slip of the pen, spelt the word *bread*, upon which Tom Paine wrote in pencil on the cover.

"No, not bread to the sea,
But it was bread to me,
And — bad bread it be."

These occurrences happened before I was born. For, soon afterwards, my aunt's health failed, and she was condemned by most of the celebrated doctors of the day, who declared that her lungs were affected, and that she could not live six months. However, a clever Maidstone doctor, who had known her from a child, was called in, Doctor Day—a plain "rough-spoken" man, and he took her in hand, prescribing nourishing diet, porter, and no medicine but ammonia, or, as he called it, "wollatiles." The courtly doctors did not approve of this treatment. They were in attendance, at that time, on King George the Third at Windsor, and as they wished to have a consultation with the country doctor, Uncle Pitt drove Dr. Day there to meet

them. His description of the interview, which took place in one of the ante-rooms, was very amusing. Sir Henry Halford and another eminent physician in court-dresses, with point-lace ruffles, bag-wigs and buckles, came bowing into the room, prepared to patronize, and, if need be, to put down the plain fat country doctor in brown top-boots, who had ventured to question the wisdom of their advice, and doubt their superior knowledge. Dr. Day, who had travelled all the way from Maidstone by the night coach, and then started from London to Windsor, in his dusty and travel-stained clothes, was nothing daunted by their courtly appearance, and when they expressed their disapprobation of such a heating medicine as ammonia, or volatile alkalis, for a case like my aunt's, he sturdily maintained that it was not heating.

"On the contrary," he said, "I gie's it to cool —and it has—and I sits by her, and feels her pulse while I make her eat beefsteaks and drink porter."

"Oh, if she has so far recovered," they replied stiffly, "we can have nothing more to say," and with still lower bows and contemptuously civil looks at my uncle and the audacious doctor, they backed out of the room.

My aunt had one only child, a daughter, who was married to Lord Marsham (afterwards Lord Romney) before I was born, and this, probably,

contributed to make me, her favourite sister's only child, an object of excessive affection. Certain it is that I was petted and spoiled by my uncle and aunt, as much as by my father and mother; the more so, perhaps, because I was comparatively the child of their old age. I can just remember that there was often a kind of levée at my supper time in Arlington Street, and that the way I put my spoon in my mouth, or sat up in my little high chair, was extolled by many of the great people of the day, and that when the Duke of Cambridge took me up in his arms, I gave him a box on the ear for trying to kiss me, and so far from being scolded for this, I was all the more praised and petted.

This kind of training did not make me learn much, and there is a tradition that at five years old, my mother and my aunt were found, by their old friend the Duke of Grafton, in floods of tears at finding that I could not read at all, and had a very dim notion of my letters. He, with difficulty, led them to hope that I should be able to learn some day; but I believe I was nearly seven before I could read well, though I was fond of composing stories which my aunt's maid used to write down at my dictation.

I afterwards had a French maid, and soon began to speak French fluently. I well remember her

arrival from France, and how she used to relate her adventures (being a Bretonne) among the Republicans; and that especially on one occasion, when passing a crowd of excited citizens shouting "*Vive la République!*" she called out, waving her hand with a defiant gesture, "*Je suis Royaliste, moi!*" When she arrived in England, on her way to my father's house, her passport was found not to be *en règle*, and she was ever after possessed with the idea that she had narrowly escaped being put in prison at Dover. "In which case," said she, "on m'aurait donné des haricots sans beurre, et des petits pois sans sucre!" Afterwards I had an Italian governess, and spoke Italian; but it was not until much later that I made any progress in learning. I remember that one governess considered me unteachable, because I could not say the second Psalm by heart, and especially the verse, "Why do the heathen so furiously rage?" which she used to repeat over and over again to me in the vain endeavour to beat it into my head. The fact is, I was wondering all the time why the heathen did so furiously rage, and who they could be; so that the more my mind was made to dwell on the words, the more puzzled I became, and the less I remembered my lesson.

My first great sorrow was my dear aunt's death, which happened at Lausanne, where she had gone

for a warmer climate: but this was fully nine years after she had been condemned by the London doctors, and when I was about twelve years old. She had taken leave of my mother and myself two years before at Barham Court (the place belonging to my great-uncle, Lord Barham) where she and my mother had passed their childhood and early youth, under the guardianship of their aunt, the wife of Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham.

Barham Court had been for many years previously the resort of several remarkable persons of the last century, who were the intimate friends of my great-aunt and uncle. My mother could just remember Dr. Johnson, who often came to stay there, and she told me of a funny scene which occurred one night. The celebrated Doctor happened to be groping his way downstairs in the middle of the night to get a small carpet bag, containing some precious manuscript which he remembered leaving in a chair at the foot of the stairs. During his progress, he placed his hand on the banisters, and felt what he thought to be the head of a man. Supposing it to be the head of a housebreaker, he seized it, and roared with all his might. When the affrighted household had assembled, candle in hand, the robber turned out to be an old lady's wig which her maid had left by mistake on

one of the large round knobs of the carved oak staircase.

Lady Middleton was a remarkably fine artist. She was an intimate friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and imbibed the spirit of his peculiar and excellent style of portrait painting. Her great-grandson, Lord Gainsborough, possesses at his place in Rutlandshire, Exton Park, numerous portraits of the family painted by her, and more are dispersed in the residences of her numerous descendants and relatives. I have the one she painted of my beautiful Aunt Pitt, and another of her handsome brother, Cornish Gambier. They are often taken for the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mr. Wilberforce used to be a constant visitor at Barham Court. In Lady Middleton he met with sympathy and encouragement, and I have been told that the abolition of slavery was first talked over in that house.

In later days, Mr. Wilberforce often stayed with my uncle, Lord Gambier, after Lord Barham's death, and as I went everywhere with my mother, and was always present at the breakfast-table and in the drawing-room, instead of passing my time as most children do in the nursery or school-room, I heard and pondered over many things that were said.

The first conversation I remember hearing between him and the rest of the party, gave me, on

reflection many years afterwards, a very favourable impression of his kindness and charity of feeling. They were talking of a beautiful Duchess who had been a great admirer of my Aunt Pitt, but against whose character some remarks had been made.

"Oh, pray don't find fault with her," said Wilberforce, "for I know that, if I had been that lovely, charming Duchess, I should have been very, very much worse."

The Duchess died, I believe, before I was born, but my mother, who was an excellent mimic, and had the power of impressing her features with the expression of other persons in the most remarkable degree, used sometimes to imitate her graceful manners when describing various things she had said. She was always charmed with the pleasant greeting the Duchess used to give my aunt, and used to imitate the pretty way in which she held her hands while she looked into her face, and said, "Oh, my dear Mrs. Pitt, what delight it always gives me to look into your beautiful face: the sight of you always seems to make me feel good."

It was on this beautiful Duchess, that Coleridge wrote his Ode, beginning:

> "O splendour's fondly fostered child!
> And did you hail the platform wild,

Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O lady! nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learned you that heroic measure?"*

Another remarkable character of the day, Hannah More, was also a frequent visitor at Barham Court; and I can just remember the peculiarly penetrating expression of her black eyes. I was not afraid of her, and yet the piercing look of those eyes often haunted me, and sometimes when I felt naughty I fancied that they looked with disapproval on me. I can therefore understand the great influence she exerted in her day—an influence for good, I think, so far as it came direct from herself. She certainly set a considerable number of Protestants thinking about religion for the first time in their lives, and she left London, where she had many friends and congenial society, to bury herself in a remote part of Somersetshire, doing works of mercy, according to her lights, with much self-denial and labour.

* Coleridge wrote his Ode on the twenty-fourth stanza of the Duchess's poem of "The Passage over Mount St. Gothard." He ends the ode with the following lines:

"O beautiful! O nature's child!
'Twas thence you hailed the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O lady! nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Thence learned you that heroic measure."

Many of her followers became violently anti-Catholic; but she was not so herself. One of her greatest friends was a Catholic—the widow of the famous Garrick—and she once gave the profits of a successful work for the benefit of some French emigrant priests. Lady Middleton was her earliest and best friend, and most generous contributor to her work of instructing two thousand poor children.*

After a long life of service, my great-uncle, Sir Charles Middleton, was like Cincinnatus, called from his country pursuits in his eightieth year to take a high command at a time of unusual difficulty. In Wilberforce's published Diary, there is the following passage respecting him:

"1797.—Pitt and Lord Chatham, First Lord of the Admiralty,† had sent for Middleton, and met him with the information: 'Bad news, Sir Charles, from the fleet—a ship has mutinied—what are we to do?' Sir Charles, who had always been an enemy to pressing, and who actually resigned his office of Comptroller of the Navy because he could not carry some reforms which would have prevented the breaking out of the great mutiny, immediately replied, 'You know how ill I think these poor fellows have been used, but now that it has come to

* "Memoirs of Admiral Lord Gambier," page 146.

† *Ibid*, page 145.

a mutiny there is but one thing to be done, you must show them that you have the superiority; you must order a ninety-gun ship on each side of her, and sink her on the spot, if she does not at once submit.' They were staggered, and said doubtfully: 'That is a strong measure, what if they should refuse to obey?' 'Then, indeed, all would be over; but they will not refuse to obey if you give the order resolutely; and it is the only thing which can be done.' He left them still undetermined, and in a few minutes came back with the despatch drawn up, and seeing still some hesitation, said, 'Pray sign it instantly, there is much to be done in the office, and we shall scarcely be ready in time to save the post.' 'Sir Charles,' said Pitt, 'is the best man of business I know.'"*

* Life of Wilberforce. Vol. II., page 212.

CHAPTER III.

HER DIFFICULTY IN LEARNING—MARRIAGE WITH SIR WILLIAM CHATTERTON—DEATH OF HER FATHER, THE REVEREND LASCELLES IREMONGER, PREBENDARY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, AND VICAR OF GOODWORTH, CLUTFORD, NEAR ANDOVER, AND OF HER MOTHER.

THE intense grief caused by my aunt's death was probably the cause of the bad health from which I afterwards suffered. I had been a strong healthy child, but after her death I became comparatively weak and delicate; and I remember that the following year, when I was to be taken to one of the children's balls given by George IV. at Carlton House, Sir Henry Halford was sent for to do what he could in enabling me to bear the fatigue and the lateness of the hours.

I learnt very little in consequence of my bad health; for my mother, thinking change of air and scene advantageous, used to take me about everywhere to country houses, sometimes with my governess, but more often without her: so that it

was a wonder I ever learned anything. My mind seemed to receive its only education from the world, by hearing people (many of them very remarkable characters) talk, and listening to their conversation with an attention undisturbed by any other children.

At ten years old I was sent to a day-school at Winchester, and the extraordinary effect this had in making me suddenly discover that I could learn something, is described in my "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections," published in 1841. I only attended this school for about a month, one year while my father was in residence at Winchester, but it had the permanent effect of inducing me to learn, and the next governess I had was too sensible to urge me to do more than was good for my health. In fact some of my young friends declared that I was more her governess than she mine.

I came out, as it is called, at seventeen; but with the exception of balls and very large parties, the change was not very apparent to me. I had lived nearly as much in the world before, as I did afterwards.

At the end of my first season in London I married Sir William Chatterton, and soon afterwards went to spend the winter at Castle Mahon, near Cork, in Ireland. The relaxing climate of that beautiful country disagreed with me very much, so we went to spend the next winter in Italy.

In Florence I first met Nelly Blackwood—*née* Sheridan, afterwards Lady Dufferin, and later Countess of Gifford, and she became one of the warmest and most constant friends that I was ever blessed with. Her health was never very strong, which prevented her from being as celebrated for her many versatile powers as she otherwise would have been. But her songs, "A Charming Woman," and "The Young English Gentleman," will long be remembered, and some of her plays were very successful. "Violet the Danseuse" was attributed to her so pertinaciously that she said jokingly to me one day: "Well, if nobody else claims it, I may as well accept the authorship, but between ourselves, I should be very sorry to have written it." She was immensely admired for her beauty and charm. In fact she and her two sisters, Mrs. Norton and the Duchess of Somerset, have excited perhaps more admiration than any other women who have graced this century.

I met Lady Dufferin first at Prince Demidoff's. He gave the pleasantest parties, or rather receptions —for they were held every week—I ever was at, in any country. There was every variety of entertainment, including a private theatre where plays were acted by professors in French and Italian. This plan was afterwards adopted by Lord Hertford at his villa in the Regent's Park; but his *fêtes*

occurred only occasionally, whereas Prince Demidoff's were given every week, and consequently were never too much crowded. The day afterwards I met Mrs. Blackwood again, and heard her sing some beautiful songs that she had composed, both music and words. I was particularly enchanted with two which I think have never been published, "Like Pilgrims old and weary, we have wandered back once more," and "Bygone Hours." She had all the beauty and wit of the Sheridans, and on our return to England I became acquainted with her beautiful sisters, and Mrs. Norton wrote some funny lines on me which I have carefully preserved. I have also some amusing lines and drawings done by their youngest sister, then the reigning beauty of the London world—afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

At Naples we used often to visit the old Archbishop of Taranto, who is so well described in Rogers's "Italy."

We also met there a delightful companion of my early childhood, Mrs. Dawson Damer; and she, too, remained until her dying day one of my best and most constant friends. She had been brought up by Mrs. Fitzherbert, and was the petted darling of that beautiful lady and her husband, King George the Fourth. She was indeed "nursed in pomp and pleasure," yet she was the most unspoilt person possible. She told me many years afterwards an

anecdote of the King (George the Fourth,) which discloses some of his real feelings. But I will reserve this until I come to the time when I was staying with her in the interesting Dorsetshire home which her husband afterwards inherited from Lady Caroline Damer.*

From Naples we made excursions to Pæstum, Amalfi, and other interesting places, and also passed a week with an English lady, Miss Weale, who lived near La Cava, in the midst of the country mmortalized by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. I made many sketches of that wild and splendid scenery.

We returned home by Bologna and Venice, where of course I was enchanted with the old palaces, and with the gondola life. We were fortunate enough to become acquainted with many of the old Venetian families, and attended the pleasant and homely receptions given in the dilapidated but still beautiful palaces. The niece of the last Doge gave me the

* This lady succeeded to her father's (Lord Dorchester's) property by the disinheritance of her only brother, Lord Milton, part of it being the house in Park Lane, now rebuilt by Mr. Holford, forming one of the most admired and well known objects in that neighbourhood. It is, indeed, the pleasantest site in all London, from the views it commands over the Park, Kensington Gardens, and the distant Surrey hills. It was justly called Lord Milton's Paradise, and when he was disinherited, it acquired the name of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

interesting book she had lately written, called "Le Feste Veneziane."

We returned by the Brenner Pass, visiting the Tyrolese Lakes. I did not know much German before, but managed to pick up a good deal then, and became very fond of German Literature—more particularly the works of J. P. Richter. I selected and translated passages from the thirty-two volumes of his writings, which were published many years afterwards, and brought me a number of pleasantly approving letters from Carlyle, Dr. Newman, Professor Whewell, &c.

We then returned home and lived during part of the year with my parents in Hampshire, where Mrs. Blackwood and her husband often came to stay with us; and the rest of the year we spent in Ireland.

My poor mother had been so miserable without me during my foreign tour, that she never parted from me again.

My second great sorrow was caused by the death of my dear father. As his house was our home in England, I was seldom or never separated from either of my parents—for they twice accompanied me to Ireland. He had suffered much during his long life from low spirits. These were partly, constitutional, and partly, I fancy, caused by conscientiousness and the high standard of action, feeling, and thought at which he constantly aimed; but during

the last year of his life he seemed much happier. Although he had always been cheerful, and never shrank from society, or failed to do his best to amuse and interest his friends, my mother and I knew that he had constantly suffered from a feeling of self-reproach. I daresay it was this feeling which made him twice refuse a Bishopric, dreading the responsibility it would entail.

The last morning of his life he seemed unusually happy and well. He was a very handsome old man, eighty years of age, and when he went out to take his usual morning's walk over the snow, to visit his nephew at Wherwell Priory, two miles distant, my mother observed to me that he looked like a rose—so fresh was his complexion, so round and unwrinkled his cheeks. Some snow had fallen that morning, and I remembered observing that we could see his foot prints all the way across the lawn and the next far stretching fields. He lunched with his nephew and nieces, and left them at two o'clock in perfect health and spirits. At the top of Wherwell Hill he met one of the village dames, and gave her half-a-crown. She proceeded down the hill. It could have been scarcely five minutes after this that he fell down suddenly at the side of the road, for he was found there a few minutes afterwards by another countrywoman, lying on the bank—as if resting peacefully against it—his hat not even displaced

from his head, and still holding his stick in his hand. There could not have been a moment's struggle, and his features wore the same peaceful and happy expression which had distinguished them all through his life.

There was a long frost that year, and for a whole month we could see from our windows the traces of his dear footsteps in the snow, across the far fields through which he had gone never to return.

After his death we left Winchester and lived with my mother, chiefly in the house in Seamore Place, which my father had inherited from his uncle, Mr. Letheuillier. I have still some letters from that uncle, written at that house in the year 1740 or 50. He left it first to his other nephew, Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, and entailed it on my father after Sir Harry's death.

My third and worst of all sorrows was caused by the death of my mother. I loved her with a kind of exclusive devotion, which always led me to imagine that I could never survive her loss.

It occurred at Tunbridge Wells, where we had been spending a most pleasant summer. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria were staying there, and they were so kind to me that scarcely a day passed without meeting them, or their pleasant attendants. They had also been there the year before, when I often went to sing with them and

play the harp. A remarkable instance of the Queen's quickness of ear and memory occurred one day. After playing several airs on the harp, she asked me to play one I had played the year before, but, as it had no name, I had no means of knowing which she meant. She then hummed the air for me, and I recognised it as one I had myself composed; I had almost forgotten it, but she gave me the air so perfectly (although she had only heard it once) that the whole piece returned to my mind, and I played it all through.

My mother had been suffering for some months, but no immediate danger was apprehended, and when I returned home late after a ball one evening, I found her much as usual. In the morning I was called up by her maid, and was aware by her face that something had happened. I rushed out of bed into her room, and found her dead. Thus the dreadful shock came at a time when it seemed that I should be least able to bear its suddenness. Yet, strange to say, God gave me such extraordinary conviction of the happiness of her state, that the peace and hope through this bestowed on me was quite supernatural. When sitting alone in the room with her coffin the night before her funeral, I felt the presence of her spirit so vividly that it seemed to be almost the happiest moment of my life; and on looking back I feel that it really was the first vivid cer-

titude I had of the soul's immortality and of the possibility of eternal happiness. Of course this state of mind did not last, and the next day, when I saw the funeral procession that was taking her from me to be buried near the old home of her youth in the vault where her loved guardians, Sir Charles and Lady Middleton, repose, and others of the Noel and Gambier families, I felt utterly desolate!

During the two summers we spent at Tunbridge Wells there was a very pleasant society, besides the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria. Among the royal attendants the two people who interested me most were the Queen's governess, the Baroness Letzen, and Lady Flora Hastings.

CHAPTER IV.

HER FIRST BOOK, "AUNT DOROTHY'S TALE."—LORD BROUGHAM'S NOVEL—MEETING WITH LANDOR—COMPENSATION FOR DEAFNESS—SAMUEL ROGERS, THE POET—CHANTREY.

I LIKE to recall those scenes of the remote past, and to see how wonderfully God supported me when I lost my dear mother, and afterwards through extreme trials and sorrow. How near He always seemed when I was in real sorrow from the loss of friends and relations, or oppressed by other trials perhaps as great, though different.

A few months after my mother's death I began to write; for, strange to say, from the time I was first able to read at six years old, till then, I had never thought of composing any of the stories which, as a child, I was so fond of dictating.

After spending the next winter [of 1836] in Sussex, we came to 5, Seamore Place, and a few days after our arrival I met the dear old poet Rogers at Lady Cork's. I sat next to him at dinner, and

did not know who he was—fortunately perhaps, for I might have enjoyed the conversation less, had I known he was the person who had the reputation of sometimes saying sharp and bitter things.

As it happened, I enjoyed his most pleasant conversation on every kind of subject intensely, more particularly his observations on some of my favourite pictures. But I did not divine who he was till I went up to the drawing-room, where old Lady Cork joked me on the violent flirtation, as she called it, that lasted all dinner time between Rogers and me.

After that meeting, I often breakfasted and dined with him, and he kindly allowed me the rare privilege of taking anyone I liked to his famous and always agreeable breakfasts. He sometimes gave me books to read which had been given him by their authors, and begged that I would give him a little account of them; for he disliked the trouble of reading the numerous books which were sent, and yet he did not like to hurt the feelings of their authors by appearing ignorant of their contents.

One morning, when there happened to be nobody breakfasting with him except Lord Glenelg, Dean Milman, and ourselves, a three volume novel, called "Albert Lunel," was brought to him. There was no author's name on the title page, but he said he knew it was from Lord Brougham.

"Take it home with you," he said to me, "and read it, but do not say I told you who it was by. I shall meet Lord Brougham the day after to-morrow, so if you can tell me something about it to-morrow evening when I meet you at Lansdowne House, it will be very pleasant."

I contrived to finish it before I went out to dinner the next day; and it was fortunate that I did so, for when I met Rogers at Lansdowne House ready prepared with my epitome of its not very interesting contents, he whispered to me to say nothing about it to anyone, as Lord Brougham had resolved to suppress it, and had sent for my copy that very evening after I had gone out to dinner.

No one I believe but Dean Milman and myself read it till years afterwards, when a copy turned up. It was then republished, (1872,) but scarcely anyone would believe that Lord Brougham had written it, until I sent a letter to the "Spectator," which that paper published, and thus set the authorship at rest. That season, and the two following [1837 and 1838], we spent in our own old house, 5, Seamore Place, and lived much with a peculiarly agreeable set of the remarkable people of the time.

[The foregoing recollections were put on paper about four years ago, when she happened to be turning over the pages of her Diary. What follows is from the Diary itself. E. H. D.]

5, *Seamore Place*, 13*th of May*.—We breakfasted with Mr. Kenyon, and met Landor and other wits. I sat next to Landor, without knowing who he was, so that my impressions were unbiassed either by expectation or by the impression I had previously conceived of him from his writings. I have seldom seen the expression of a highly cultivated mind and courteous genius so beautifully stamped on any countenance as on the Landor of those days. The unamiabilities which sometimes cause the wits of the day to wound the feelings of those around, seemed to be replaced in him by sentiments which touch, elevate, and flatter those who listened to him, and also tended to place in a good point of view the person or the subject on which he spoke. He talked a great deal; for Browning and others who were there showed that they liked to listen to him, and he not only did not say an ill-natured thing, but said something good of everyone.

Harness was laughing at Lord N—— for what he called his "theatrical get up," and said he was only fit to be an actor—whereupon Landor, with a look which, though it implied dissent from Harness's opinion, yet showed his wish to turn the shaft of his ridicule into a harmless direction for both, said, "He acted the King of Ireland *well*," alluding to Lord N—— having been once an admirable Lord-Lieutenant.

He then asked me if I did not think the Duke of Wellington and Landseer the two greatest men of the day, and whether their names would not be the longest remembered in future ages. I answered by expressing my admiration for some of his writings which I had read, amongst them his "Arden of Hungary."

"Ah!" he said, "I shall never be much read—still less remembered. I have filed away my mind by too much reading. Shakespeare would never have become such an immortal author if he had been a great reader, and Milton would have produced a greater poem if his head had not been so full of reading. He has confused us with his variety."

Landor maintained that animals must have a kind of soul, because they could think; and his idea is that thought must be immortal. Talking of the power to judge characters at first sight, he said:—

"No one, except dogs and young children, can do that well. We ought to be very proud and happy when dogs and children take to us at first sight."

Mr. Kenyon had written a volume of very pretty poems, and his description, in one of them, of the old Roman amphitheatre at Dorchester, delighted me extremely. . . . . Rogers used to say that the good opinion I had of human nature, and the good

I contrived to find in most people, was owing to my deafness—for that nobody ventured to repeat to me the flippant or ill-natured things that often pass for conversation.*

May . . . . —We breakfasted with Monckton Milnes yesterday, and he read some of Tennyson's Poems extremely well. Moore was expected, but could not come, and Rogers said: "Ah, then he has found something better. Moore is never happy unless he is dining with a duke, having refused to dine with an earl, and has got an Opera ticket in his pocket, which makes him wish he were dining with neither."

* Not owing to her deafness merely, but to qualities that gave her a positive power of repulsion against evil of every kind. No doubt her deafness disposed people to feel that power, by bringing in a manner before the sight some of the qualities that made it attractive—for instance, the natural grace that could not be said to adorn her, because it was an essential part of herself, the simplicity that veiled without concealing a subtle intuition, and above all, the even cheerfulness with which, by a constant, though imperceptible effort of will, she bore a privation exceptionally trying to a person of her energetic temperament, active mind, and large sympathies. But the power, the influence, was in herself. It is true that repetition in a raised voice gives an emphasis to the words repeated, and tests their quality by holding them up, as it were, to the light; but the prominence thus given can only affect the repeater in respect of the person or persons to whom he knows they will be unacceptable. The repetition will not change their character in the estimation of those who had no fault to find with them before.

In the evening we went to the Miss Berry's, and I was much pleased with Miss Agnes's sketches in the neighbourhood of Paris. I took the clever parody on Strawberry Hill, called Gooseberry Hall, to show the sisters, most strangely forgetting the romantic attachment of Horace Walpole, till I was reminded of it by the pathetic look on their pleasant faces. I felt it would not do to apologize, and fortunately at the moment other friends came in—Rogers and Lord Lansdowne—who made themselves most agreeable, and playing into each other's hands created pleasant conversation.

Sunday 19th.—Rogers came yesterday afternoon, and enjoyed the sunset from our large western window and the view over the Park and Kensington Gardens. He often does this, and the beautiful view seems to draw out all his highest and most poetical qualities. At these times, particularly if no one else is present, he is most delightful. He is very differently agreeable with different people. With me, he never makes a bitter observation on anyone, but seems disposed to see their best qualities only, which seems to me the frame of mind most natural to him; yet his reputation in London Society has been won by his brilliant wit, often tinged with bitterness—while his poetry, for which the public care but little, is as full of poetic and kindly feeling as his conversation

with me. I think, therefore, I have the best of him.

Last week, I met Sir Francis Chantrey and Luttrell at his house. Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Dawson Damer, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Glenelg were there. After breakfast, Chantrey pointed out a sideboard, and said to Rogers, "Do you remember a poor little fat boy in a common workman's dress, who came one morning, many, many years ago, to take some order about that sideboard."

"Yes, I do," said Rogers, "for I thought what a fine head and intelligent look the poor boy had."

"Well! he is the now celebrated sculptor, who not only goes to all the best houses in London, but gives parties that people are so good as to call pleasant, where all the highest and most intellectual people honour him with their presence. Can you guess who it is? Well," he added, while his honest face beamed with fun, "that cabinet-maker's poor little apprentice was myself!"

Everybody present was pleased at his candour and straightforwardness, which was the more to be admired because few had known of his obscure youth, or of the disadvantages of education that he had overcome.

Luttrell was very agreeable: he has a remarkable power of writing short notes in verse on persons

and events. I can only remember a few of them.*

Tuesday.—We dined with Rogers yesterday, and I enjoyed, by candlelight, his beautiful pictures, which are tastefully lighted up with lamps, so arranged with reflectors that they throw a brilliant light on the pictures, while they shade it from one's eyes and from the rest of the room.

I sat next to Macaulay, who gave us a most interesting dissertation on painting, and related in short the history and vicissitudes of many of the most celebrated pictures in different countries. Sidney Smith waited in vain for what he called some of Macaulay's "brilliant flashes of silence." On Saturday we met Carlyle and Dickens at his house.

Last night we spent a pleasant evening at Lord Monteagle's, and met his agreeable son-in-law, Mr. Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," Dr. Hawtrey, the Milmans, &c.

Towards the end of the season (in 1837) my first novel, "Aunt Dorothy's Tale," was published anonymously. I derived much amusement from hearing people talk about it and ask if I had read it. Of course, I heard it abused as well as praised. I do not remember being much annoyed or pained

* They are very witty, but referred to people of the day; and the distance of time is not sufficient perhaps to warrant their insertion in print. They are therefore omitted.—E. H. D.

by anything I heard; but I enjoyed the praise it received intensely, and the first bit of commendation that the *Quarterly Review* gave me, kept me awake all night with joy. For the *Quarterly* in those days, owing to the severe criticisms of John Wilson Croker and Lockhart, was extremely formidable.

Wednesday.—Dined at Lansdowne House. In the evening there was a large party, and the great gallery was brilliantly lighted outside the windows, which prevented the heat of the gas from entering the room. It was beautifully lighted with candles besides. I had a most pleasant talk with Lytton Bulwer,* and with Sir Francis Doyle, Fonblanque and Lockhart. The two last were speaking of the excellencies of some of the modern French novels, and Fonblanque rather startled me by his extreme admiration for Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue. Last year I had a dispute with Lockhart about them, and I was annoyed because I could not fully persuade him of their bad tendency. And now to find the other influential Reviewer of the day† evince a still greater admiration for them, pained me still more. It is distressing to see how attractive evil is in the world. To represent evil principles in a

* Afterwards Lord Lytton.

† Fonblanque was Editor of "The Examiner," Lockhart of the "Quarterly."

good light, and delineate evil passions with that nervous vigour which the aggressive nature of evil makes comparatively easy, is to insure a favourable inclination beforehand.

Whilst he (Fonblanque) was talking, it so happened that Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Gore, authors of various excellent novels, passed near us, and he said within their hearing, "How I wish some English author could produce something as vigorous and intensely interesting as 'Notre Dame de Paris.'" At that moment, it struck me that he resembled nothing so much as Retcsch's engraving of Mephistopheles in "Faust." This is never the case with Lockhart, whose splendid dark eyes have always a kindly expression.

Saturday.—Delightful music last night at Devonshire House. Grisi is the most enchanting singer I have ever heard. The very sound of her voice makes me feel as if I were amid orange groves, and among all kinds of southern scenes, sounds, and perfumes. Rogers says he never, even in his youth, heard anything more delightful than Grisi, except Grassini. My dear mother, who remembered that fascinating actress and singer, said the same. I was fortunate in getting a seat close to the piano, and next to the Duke of Wellington, who, though deaf, seemed to enjoy it as much as I did.

CHAPTER V.

LA FERTÉ—INTERIOR OF A ROOM IN AN HOTEL—AN EVENING IN PARIS.

WE spent some months in Ireland after the season in London, and the next year we made a tour in Germany, part of which was afterwards published in my "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections" [in 1846.] So I quote a few passages from the Diary.

La-Ferté-sous-Jouarre. Friday.—A beautiful drive to-day. Vines without end, grape gathering, mules, donkeys, and horses, all loaded with panniers full of delicious-looking fruit. The shape of the country, too, was picturesque and varied by forests, orchards, the winding river Marne, and a number of pretty little villages perched upon a steep declivity, or nestled between the vine-clad heights, each with its tapering steeple and gothic church, and many with an old feudal castle, or modern gentleman's house. The autumnal tints were more lovely than

ever. The low vines, which in their green youth look so formally monotonous, are now, when viewed at a little distance, like a gorgeous Turkey carpet. The leaves turned to every colour, from dazzling ruby red to the brightest golden hue. The day was of a grave cast—the sky grey, and the air still. No sun appeared, but the clouds assumed those straight yet graceful lines which, being devoid of colour, resemble the sky of a highly finished engraving, and impart to the whole landscape an air of repose. This kind of day in autumn is particularly delightful. The colouring of nature is in itself so varied and brilliant that the scene would be almost too gaudy if illumined by sunshine. Such days are peculiarly conducive to a healthy kind of meditation—at least I find them so.

We arrived here about three, and after dinner took a very pretty walk along the banks of the Marne as far as a *campagne* of Madame de la Rochefoucault.

I leave off writing to watch the pretty little interior of a lighted room on the opposite side of the street, in a house which also belongs to this hotel. Four people are sitting round a dinner table. I see a beautiful though delicate profile. It is Lady C——. Her slight figure is enveloped in shawls, her little head covered with a close bonnet cap, and she has travelled here evidently in haste. All these things

do not tend to embellish the appearance, or give a charm to the manner; nor is the act of eating a good dinner, when one is tired, a very becoming employment. Yet there is something inexpressibly graceful in her every movement, something original, yet truly refined, even in the way she lifts the fork to her mouth. Every now and then she pauses and leans on her arm, yet her lips continue to move, and I feel sure she is saying something amusing. Yes—now she is telling some story and mimicking the action of a courier—now she is getting eager about something, but still in a graceful way. How much more interesting does she appear to me now, in that dress, sitting there in the bedroom of a crowded little French hotel, with only the sick husband, his physician, and her pretty daughter for companions; than as I have before seen her—the sought for, the adored queen of fashion. Many can imitate grace, can make themselves beautiful by dress or art when the eyes of all London are upon them; but few can look and move as she does in the unconstrained society of her own immediate family.

I do not mean that no one is pretty or agreeable out of a ball-room, I know many who appear to much greater advantage in private life. But it seldom happens that those who through life have been accustomed to be idols of the world, exert themselves to be agreeable or to look well when the eyes

of the world are not upon them. I am glad to have seen her thus.

The horses are harnessed—the lamps of their three carriages are lighted. The daughter jumps up, and takes her bonnet off one of the beds. She is tying it on before the glass, but not with her mother's grace. How seldom children possess the same qualities as their parents—or those qualities in the same degree.

Monday, December 5.—Paris, Rue de Rivoli. On Saturday we made a round of visits, first to the Faubourg St. Germain to thank Mme. de Frondeville for her Opera box. I like that part of the town much better than this. Far from being gloomy—as it is usually called—it has, I think, an air of cheerfulness, simplicity, and repose. The streets are wider, straighter, and better built than on this side of the river, and the houses look more dignified, comfortable, and clean. We then went to Mrs. —— by appointment, and found quite a levée. At first the room was so dark that I could see nothing, but lights were soon brought, and it was quite amusing to observe the curiosity with which we all looked in each other's faces. Next to me sat the old Count Pozzo di Borgo, Russian ambassador in England. As soon as he could see my face, he began talking to me very pleasantly. All the time more visitors came pouring in, amongst whom were

some English grandees, also Lady C—— G——, and Lady F—— E——. These two I have scarcely ever seen since I was a child; but I remember them quite well. Every word they said, the very clothes they wore, are all as present to my mind as if the scenes in which they played a part occurred but yesterday. A good memory is not quite an unmixed good. There is something melancholy in remembering with such vividness things that happened in one's childhood, when the principal actors have probably forgotten all about them. I felt some curiosity to know whether they remembered anything of the time when I saw them so often; but the room was getting hot, the fire burnt my nose, and I was stifled under the weight of Madame Palmier's* purple and green cloak. I went away without even making myself known to them.

* A famous dressmaker in Paris some years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

RETIREMENT—MODERN ASPECT OF PARIS—EVIL INFLUENCES PREPARING FOR THE OUTBREAK OF 1848—A FEW REMARKS ON EDUCATION.

"WHAT a strange thing" said a friend to me one day, "that you who dislike the world should find fault with those good people for condemning it."

"That is the very reason," I replied. "I like retirement so much that I am aware of the temptation to make it my own world. It is one thing to give up the world because you have a vocation to do more good out of it, and another to live in a private corner of the world, neither giving up its comforts, nor accepting its responsibilities. Even the associating with one small set of people, which is the nearest approach that can be made by people in the world towards a retired life, is disadvantageous to the mind by narrowing our ideas, and making us too prone to view everything with the eyes of those around us. As Madame de Staël justly observes:

" Le cercle qui nous environne finit toujours par nous dérober le reste du monde:" and so it does if we never look on the other side of it.

I have found that when illness or any other cause made me lead a perfectly retired life for some time, I shrank from the idea of ever seeing anyone again. I am sure that none of those who see me going about in London would believe this; but as the effort which shy people are obliged to make often causes them to do impudent things, so do my efforts to overcome a weakness which is aggravated, if not caused, by constitutionally low spirits, make me appear to enjoy society more than other people. I think it neither fair towards society, nor kind to one's neighbour, to carry about a melancholy face and a silent tongue. To promote a kindly spirit of recreation, and (if opportunity serves) improve my own mind, are the two objects I have in view when I go into society.

Paris.—Yesterday I noticed a number of men in rusty black, sitting and standing about, reading the newspapers. Their bodies resembled those of half dead autumnal flies, but judging by the eager avidity with which they swallowed their penny-worth of politics, their minds were by no means in so quiescent or harmless a state. The countenances of some showed that they had been bred and nurtured on political dissension. Their hard features were cast

in a mould of discontent; the only expression that broke the horrible monotony of their fixed sullenness was a savage glare that blazed up from time to time, lighting up their features from the volcano of wickedness that lurked beneath. I shuddered to think what the actions of such diabolical-looking spirits would be if they were set in motion. Would anything touch, anything soften such hearts? Yes —there is a Power which might even transform these Satanic natures, and to that Power we should direct our prayers for all whose hearts are hardened.

Might not some good be done in education by the association of ideas? Might not darkness be deprived of its terrors, and even bodily suffering or pain be made to produce in after-life some pleasing associations? I only say—might it not? At all events, the subject is worth consideration, for I think illness depresses the spirits more from the unpleasant recollections it excites than from the actual present suffering. When our bodies are affected in any particular manner, our thoughts involuntarily recur to the exact spot where we last suffered. The very pattern of the bed-curtains and paper on which we gazed returns to our minds. Fortunately for me, my recollections of illness are pleasing, though melancholy, owing to the unwearying kindness of my mother. She always brought her writing and work and sat near the bed: and even

now that she is gone for ever, I fancy I hear the sound of her pen as it traversed the paper, or the noise of the scissors as it cut the thread. I still see her anxious yet cheerful countenance, gazing occasionally up from her employment while I knew that her dear spirit always looked to God for my relief. She prayed with confidence and faith to God, never doubting that her anxiety and my affliction were for the best. Then she would kneel and pray, and raise her dear eyes to Heaven, and I felt quite happy, quite ready to suffer now, or die in her dear arms—confident that He would enable her to bear my loss. All this still returns to me whenever I am oppressed by sickness; and though I shed many bitter tears when I think she is no longer on earth, yet the pleasing association of ideas caused by her kindness still remains, and I feel as if she were near me.

There is one positive pain which has really been sensibly demolished by the remembrance it excites, and for this I am also indebted to the watchful care of my mother. I was sentenced by a dentist to have two teeth drawn. It so happened that I had been very anxious to have a beautiful edition of the Arabian Nights—of which I had only read one story. It was very dear, owing to some beautiful engravings it contained, and my mother objected to pay so much I thought no more of it; for petted

though I was, I always felt she knew best, however much disappointed at the time. I arrived at the dentist's house pale and trembling, and much terrified at the instruments of torture in his room, and at some horrible-looking animals preserved in bottles, or stuffed and ranged along the shelves.

"Sit down on this chair, Miss," said the gruff-voiced dentist, while he screwed down the head rest of the dingy green chair.

"Yes, sit down, darling, and look here what I have brought for you," said my mother, taking from beneath her cloak a volume of the beautiful Arabian Nights for which I had so much longed. I immediately forgot the terrifying man, and all the ugly instruments. I saw nothing but the book, and smelt nothing but its sweet Russia leather binding. My teeth were extracted almost before I knew anything about it, for I only thought of the beautiful volumes that were already mine. I have never been to a dentist since without a feeling very much akin to pleasure, thinking more of my mother's face and attitude, as she held the wished-for book, than of the pain I might have to suffer.

CHAPTER VII.

TEN YEARS AGO—THE OCCUPATIONS OF A SNOWY DAY AT CALAIS.

TEN years ago I occupied this very room, in this very comfortable Hôtel de l'Europe. I was hurrying home after a long tour in Italy and Germany. In this room I wrote a joyful letter to the dear mother, whose beloved face I was so soon to see. I am going to return home to the house of my father (said I in this room ten years ago), and then with my dear mother my days will be far more blissful than amid all the gorgeous palaces and fair scenes of sunlit Italy.

Ah, yes! the meeting with my dear mother after such a long absence was indeed rapturous. The first night passed under the same roof—the delightful, lingering first good-night—to feel that it was really she. To be sure that I held her safe. That nothing on earth should again separate us. To know that I should see her every night and morn-

ing, and all day long, without the haunting fear which tormented me in absence that I might never see her real living form again! To see now that her countenance was joyful—satisfied, that it did not possess that look of melancholy which overshadowed the imaginary one—that it was without the look of resigned sorrow which seemed in absence to reproach me for remaining away so long. Then I anticipated the joy of awakening next morning, the thrill of joy, with which I should jump up and run to see her dear slumbering face, the delight of gazing on every dear object that surrounded the bed and stamped it as her own room! There was the little table of which she had had part of the legs cut off that it might serve for me, for the child, for the darling of her heart to sit at. Then there was an odd-looking chair to whose legs she had made the carpenter put heels as she called them, to make it higher; there was —but why should I enumerate those dear objects which, with the loved being who gave them beauty and meaning, I shall never see again on earth. The world is dark—I am returning to England; but I feel that my home is not there, nor in this world. God grant it may be with my Father in Heaven.

My mother was so unselfish—so unaware of her own goodness, that I really believe she admired faulty characters because they were unlike herself. Her faults—the few she had—proceeded from a wish

either to imitate people whom she thought much better than herself, or because she believed it to be right to check the natural impulse of her heart, which would always have led her right.

There was one reason among several why she was but imperfectly understood. She had so great a horror of wishing to appear better than she thought herself to be, that she habitually tried to appear less good than she was. Then, again, it was so much easier for her to be kind than otherwise, that she sometimes took the opposite side apparently, just because it was difficult and distasteful.

* * * * *

I am approaching the end of the second volume of my new novel of "Allanston." In considering it over, I find I have drawn out and built upon the inconsistencies of character more than is usually done. This, I fear, will appear unnatural to the generality of readers, because inconsistencies—people acting contrary to their real or supposed character—are the last things which people discover to be common in human nature. Most of us try to be blind to our own inconsistencies, and this perhaps makes us less aware of the inconsistency of others. Besides it requires a deep study of mankind to discover how few good men there are who will not do a bad action when tempted sorely, how few bad men there are who will not sometimes do a good action.

Stupid people judge of all men alike—because they cannot see the difference: and those who observe and study much are apt to put them all on a level, because they see the elements of good and bad so equally distributed. As Sophocles most truly observes;

"A saying there is of old, amongst men renowned,
That thou canst not thoroughly judge of the life of a mortal
Before he dies, whether it has been good or bad."

Calais.—Snow, snow, nothing but snow all the way from Paris. I have been delighted as we drove along with some of the tragedy of "Electra" which I read in the carriage. How feelingly I sympathise with her beautiful lamentation.*

Hotel Rignolle. Sunday.—I went to bed last night with a feeling of thankfulness for being in a better condition of mind than when I left England. The crosses I have received since that time have, by the grace of God, been of use. I can feel thankful for them, and I return to my own country, desiring that no will—no wish but His—may be fulfilled. Yet I am not grown indifferent. I still hope—and wish, though I feel that the Heavenly Father who has

* "A heartless fool is he who ever can forget
His parent's miserable death,
But responsive to my heart
Is Itys, ever Itys, that plaintively
Bewailing bird—Jove's timid messenger."
From Lady Chatterton's own Translation.

supported me through my late crosses and disappointments will continually do so should they occur again.

* * * * *

Another stormy day, no prospect of being able to cross. I cannot even get out of the house. Constant snow-storms. Now is the time for real ennui to seize upon one. Yet I do not feel it. By the bye, may not the word *ennui* and the Italian *noja* have sprung from the Greek ἄνοια —without mind is, in fact, the literal translation. I suppose it has, and that every one who has studied Greek knows this. However, I shall let myself enjoy the idea of having discovered the Greek origin of the common word *ennui* at a moment when, cooped up in a cold dull hotel, I ought to feel the meaning of it. If my mind deserted me I should. So that ἄνοια expresses the whole cause of ennui exactly. I do not mean that those who sometimes feel ennui have no mind—far otherwise. But when they are *ennuyés*, it shows that at that moment they are not in the full enjoyment of their mental powers.

CHAPTER VIII.

PUBLICATION OF "A GOOD MATCH"—ADVANTAGES OF PRAISE —DELIGHTS OF A SPRING DAY—MRS. SOMERVILLE—CLEVER BOOKS AND CLEVER PEOPLE—THE YOUNG QUEEN.

ANOTHER novel had been published since I went abroad, or rather three Tales—the first of which was called "A Good Match." It was in three volumes. Unlike my first, it came out with my name, and was fairly successful. I received many pleasant letters about it, which gratified me extremely.

Seamore Place. Sunday 15th.—It is certainly advantageous to find a few people who think highly of me. Since I was in this house last year I am surprised to find what a different person I have become; and on reflection I find this difference (which I confidently hope is for the better) is occasioned chiefly by my conviction that many now think I am born for something better than a mere common London life of everyday nothingness. The feelings within myself, which, in former years, used

to tell me this, I tried to stifle, because I had an idea that no one thought me clever enough for anything else; but the slight degree of confidence in my own powers which I have now attained has not, however, been acquired without many a severe smart. Often have I been cast down from the height which I hoped I had attained, and the disappointment has been keen indeed. But I have learnt now (I hope) not to shrink from any reproof. Courage, courage and perseverance, shall, under the blessing of God, be my motto. Nor will I dwell upon the pang of sorrow and regret which the sight of everything in this dear house occasions; for by earnest prayer to the God who has preserved my life to return here, He will enable me to overcome this also.

I returned to this house just after my dearest mother's death, two years and a half ago; but my sorrow for her loss was not nearly so painful as it now is. I can truly with Electra exclaim:

——— κατ' ἦμαρ καὶ κατ' εὐφρόνην ἀεὶ
Θάλλοντα μᾶλλον ἢ χαταφθίνονθ' ὁρῶ; *

Monday.—The dinner party at Sir John Conroy's last night was very pleasant. My harp-playing seemed to be really felt. Colonel Caradoc† ex-

* "Grief, that by day and night, ever
Blooming rather than withering, I behold."

† Afterwards Lord Howden.

pressed (and it seemed to me sincerely) his appreciation of the mind which was evinced by my touch on that instrument. We had a most interesting conversation on Ireland, and he expressed the interest and admiration excited in him by seeing the patience of the poor.

* * *

I find all powerful emotions, all intense feelings of either joy or sorrow, draw my heart towards God. During the last week I have had many ups and downs. I have passed with astonishing rapidity from the depth of despair to the height of joy. This is all folly—but I cannot help it, and I am sometimes almost glad that I can still feel so much excited—so anxious about anything.

May 17.—There are some states of the weather, which, like a growing day that brings everything out of the earth, seem to have a physical power of loosening one's doubts—solving one's difficulties, and setting things to right that had fallen out of harmony. To-day is the first spring-feeling day of this year, balmy and genial. It seems to have decided many points, and brought many things to a crisis. Such days as these often make me think that many of our smaller virtues and vices are, to a certain extent, stimulated or discouraged by the atmosphere. It either makes people irritable to us, or makes us peculiarly sensitive to slight annoyances

which, in a more genial state of mind or body, we should not feel.

Called on Mrs. Somerville—delighted with her. But when I got into the carriage, I felt so provoked with myself for not having said many things which I ought to have said, that my pleasure was spoilt. Does anyone pass half-an-hour without saying, doing, or thinking something wrong, or leaving something of consequence undone? I believe there are many; but, alas! I am not of the number.

* * *

A clever book, like a clever-looking person, has generally something *outré*, some prominent feature, *i. e.* defect, such as a turn-up nose, small piercing eyes, or an ill-natured mouth. We seldom think of saying that a really beautiful person, or face, or head, shaped according to the Grecian model, which, after all, is the most intellectual, we seldom say that he or she looks clever. In the same way, a book, or story, that is really touching, or very amusing, a book that is written in such a manner that it makes the reader feel what the author intended, but which does not draw his attention to the mechanism, or shew the exact mode in which the various emotions are produced, will seldom be called a clever book; and yet, unless one has considered the matter deeply, it would appear to be a most flattering compliment. Everyone has a general

idea of what cleverness means; yet many people use the term in different, and even contradictory senses, applying it almost indifferently to original abilities and to mental dexterity. They must have done the same in Dr. Johnson's time, for he says in his Dictionary, that "it is applied to anything a man likes." I have observed, however, that when people's higher nature is appealed to by a person, or a book, the word clever (as I have said before) does not readily occur to the mind as a fitting epithet. To me it always suggests the idea of technical dexterity and a sharp application of the means to attain present success.

* * * *

Friday 19th.—Errors are permitted to exist, or we could have no free will; but if some writers, by so-called scientific objections to miracles, deceive for a time a portion of mankind, yet the superior power of truth is eventually brought to light by minds of still greater power, who succeed in showing that science is not a monopoly of professed infidels. To-day I was reading Babbage's beautiful chapter on Hume's "Argument against Miracles." I began this "Bridgewater Treatise" at eleven o'clock, and finished it at half-past one. I never moved—my attention was quite riveted. I forgot my own existence, or rather my mind was fully alive, and in its own element; therefore the body

forgot its cramped position. Two hours and a half—it might have been a minute or a hundred years. The clock on the chimney-piece alone was the only evidence of Time. A beautiful story or poem can please, but it cannot thus entrance and engross me.

* * * *

Many people object to the melancholy ending of my present novel.* "There are troubles enough in real life," say they. No doubt, and perhaps it is wrong to inflict imaginary ones on the reader; but certainly the best writers have not gone upon that principle. The fame of tragedies long survives that of comedies. I doubt if even Shakespeare's name would be still so universally known, if he had written nothing but comedies. All real genius has a melancholy turn, as may be plainly seen from the writings of the earliest Greeks down to the present day, and in the works of all the greatest writers in all langurges.

1837. *June 25th.* 5, *Seamore Place.*—A Queen is more likely to have an influence over all minds and people than a King, because the fragility of her sex calls forth in her subjects a feeling of power and protection, the sensation of which is always gratifying to our nature. Nothing kindles so

* "Aunt Dorothy's Tale," 1837.

much enthusiasm as to feel you can be of service to your Ruler.

When the young Queen came alone, for the first time in her young life, into the Council Chamber to be proclaimed Queen, the sight of her youth and dependance must have had a powerful effect in kindling active enthusiasm and practical loyalty. In these days particularly a Queen is likely to have more influence than a King, because the number is comparatively small of those who really like to be influenced by the power of another, particularly if that other have a legal right to exercise it.

I am sure that the circumstance of a young girl coming now to the British throne, has, at least, retarded the fall of the kingdom of England and legitimacy for a hundred years, and has tended to check the progress of revolution all over the world. I felt convinced of this when I heard yesterday at Lady Shelley's some old hardened politicians talking with tears in their eyes of the delight and admiration the first sight of their young Queen in the Council Chamber had caused.

CHAPTER IX.

SEAMORE PLACE—OBEDIENCE THE BEGINNING OF LOVE—LADY DUFFERIN AND HER BROTHER—MRS. SOMERVILLE'S SUFFERINGS FROM THUNDER-STORMS.

SINCE my last book was published, I feel more deeply than ever the necessity of living unceasingly with God. I feel so strongly that He alone can keep my dreadfully excitable mind in a state of calmness. When I am much praised or blamed, I immediately find myself imploring Him that I may not be too much elated or depressed. All great emotions certainly bring us nearer to God.

June 18, *Sunday*.—Looking over my dear mother's and my Aunt Pitt's journal and papers, I should like to publish some of the best extracts from them. The genuine ideas and feelings of those who lived many years ago would be more impressive than mine. At least I feel that, independently of my affection for them, their words are hallowed and purified as it

were, by the time which has passed since they were written.

On looking over some old mouldering blotting books, I found a letter in, as I thought, my father's handwriting. I read it over, and the sentiments were also exactly his. There was the same diffidence and fear of not doing right. When I came to the end, I saw to my surprise, it was signed B. Letheuillier. He was an uncle of my father's, and it was dated from this house, 5 Seamore Place, nearly a hundred years ago. My father inherited this house from him, but they had not seen much of each other. This is another proof of how peculiarities are inherited, and how long they continue in families. When I found that letter, I had just read some pieces of my Aunt Pitt's journal, and had been startled at finding some of her ideas and expressions so like my own. Yet I could not possibly have learnt them from her, for she died whilst I was in my eleventh year, and they were on subjects, too, which, at that early age, could not possibly have engrossed my mind.

* * * * *

We cannot love God, we cannot think with pleasure on Him during long sleepless nights, unless we have endeavoured to keep his commandments. To obey is, at first, a strong exercise of faith, as well

as of self-control—by "at first," I mean, before our hearts are imbued with love of God. There are few people whose religious feelings have not had an evident beginning. We must all without exception submit to become children.

No doubt it is hard for those who are accustomed to see, or think they see, clearly—to dive into the difficult recesses of science, to reckon to a moment the evolutions of a distant planet, or discover the laws which regulate the forces of chemicals—no doubt, it is hard for them to acquire (I will not say to retain it, if they have it) that child-like Faith in things unseen—to become blind that they may see clearly, to obey that they may be free. But is it easier for people of less intellectual capacity? I doubt its being so in itself. The Devil promises to all who will listen to him that their eyes shall be opened, and surely the promise is at least as flattering to the ignorant as to the learned. What a commentary on the danger of sin is the fact that we, after nearly six thousand years, have the same feeling in our hearts that caused our first parents to rebel! and what an inexhaustible subject of meditation is that first act of disobedience, which by bringing sin into the world, and indirectly causing the atonement, both lowered and elevated our nature!

Yesterday we had a pleasant dinner at Captain

Blackwood's.* His charming wife told me some amusing stories about her family. Her father, Tom Sheridan, reproached his father one day for being a party man. "What do you get by it?" said he, "for my part, I think I shall put a ticket on my head, 'To let.'"

"Do so, my dear boy," said his father, "only add 'unfurnished.'"

Monday. I was pleasantly interrupted this afternoon by a visit from Mrs. Somerville. What an interesting person she is! Her knowledge on nearly every subject is startling. Notwithstanding her profound scientific studies, she contrives to read most of the novels that are worth reading, and her remarks on them are most amusing. We were talking of a violent thunder-storm that had done much mischief in London. She told me that thunder-storms have always a most painful effect on her, and that her impulse, if she gave way to it, would be to shut herself up in the cellar till it was over.

[*Note added afterwards*—This reminds me of what occurred at Venice some years afterwards, where we met Mrs. Somerville. There was a most splendid thunder-storm one day, and vivid blue lightning illuminated the beautiful Doge's palace and St. Mark's Church with their reflections in the Laguna. I happened, to mention to Mrs. Somer-

* Afterwards Lord Dufferin.

ville the next morning how keenly I had enjoyed the beautiful effect, and said that I felt sure she would be able to make a beautiful painting of the effects of lightning, if she could but see such a storm in so picturesque a place as Venice. She then said she would try to look at it the next time there was a storm, and she drew an outline of the scene ready to be coloured on the next opportunity. A few nights afterwards there was another storm, and she stood resolutely at her window, which commanded a fine view over the Piazza San Marco and the Doge's Palace. She noted the scene well, and immediately coloured her sketch. I was delighted with her painting when I saw it the next morning; but I found her very ill—in fact she suffered so much from the strain upon her nerves that she did not recover for several days, and was advised, as I understood, by the doctor not to try to look at a storm again.]

Fortunately it was a rainy day when we had our pleasant *tête-à-tête*, so that no visitor came to interrupt our conversation, though I afterwards discovered that we had a narrow escape.

An old servant who lived with my father before I was born, and never left us, is a most original character. He contrives in some mysterious manner to find out the people I like most to see, and he has lately taken to the habit of saying that I am at home

or not, according to his own idea of whether I should like to see certain people or not. I have found out since that his zeal has made me appear very rude. At the end of last week a number of pleasant visitors had been let in, and we were all talking in great glee when the drawing-room door was opened, not by a servant, but by Sydney Smith himself, who walked in unannounced, and standing on the threshold, called out to us, "Do I look like a bore?" A sudden misgiving came over me as to the meaning of this, and it turned out as I thought. Sydney Smith, seeing several carriages at my door belonging to people with whom he was well acquainted, had come upstairs in spite of all my servant's objections! The old man excused himself afterwards by saying that he considered the room was crowded enough, and that more visitors would tire me! He had lived sixty years in my father's family, and he often boasted of my wonderful feats as a baby—how, as soon as I could walk, at eight months old, I was put on the dinner table at dessert, when I walked round among the dessert dishes, plates, and glasses without ever breaking anything.

CHAPTER X.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON AND HIS MOTHER—DINNER AT SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY'S—WORDSWORTH—PUBLICATION OF HER "RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND," 1839.

AT the end of that season in London we went to Ireland, and made a most interesting tour in the South that autumn and during the following summer of 1838. The account of this tour was published, and was so successful that the first edition was exhausted in a week after its publication.

[I omit many passages here. The tour above mentioned—"Rambles in the South of Ireland"—contain the substance of all that is advisable to insert. There, as elsewhere, and everywhere, in a private Diary there must always be much that is adapted to be seen there only, or told in conversation.] E. H. D

Seamore Place, Wednesday.—Last night we went with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer* to his box at the

* Afterwards Lord Lytton.

Opera to hear Norma. His mother was in it, and between the acts we had some very pleasant talk. I was surprised to hear him say that he does not admire Grisi, except her voice, and that if she were an Englishwoman, nobody would think her beautiful. I suppose he means that contrast gives a special charm to her decidedly Italian cast of countenance in the eyes of English people.

Lady Bulwer is extraordinarily like her son, both in appearance and manner, and seems to agree in opinion with him on many subjects. When we were looking at some of the celebrated beauties in different boxes who were no longer young, she said to me, "Edward was quite right when he said the other day, that a town life conduces to prolong youth both in mind and body."

"Yes," said he, "now look at the still most lovely Lady C—— and compare her with your once lovely old friend, Mrs. S—— who never went into society at all, and has always led what is called a happy and healthy life in the country. She looks old enough to be Lady C's—— grandmother. It is because what are called worldly people are always trying to look their best, and be agreeable to everyone, whereas those who retire quite into the country become dowdy, ungraceful, and sometimes stupid. They get into a habit of self-indulgence among relations and intimate friends; and we, human beings, require

that the eyes of the great world should be upon us, to excite our energies, force us to exert our best qualities, and make us try to appear to the greatest advantage."

No doubt it does: and if this world were all, there would be nothing more to be said on the subject. I am sure that his statement is correct as far as it goes; but the eyes of the world and its influence over people's way of life, is only the world's miserable substitute for higher motives and their results. For instance, how youthful are the faces of those who devote themselves to a religious life. The expression of youthful innocence and beauty on the faces of the dear nuns at Winchester, whom I used to visit with my dear mother, recurs to my mind as I think of Sir Edward's words.

On Monday we dined at Sir Francis Chantrey's. His house is beautiful, his gallery of statues and pictures all perfect of their kind, and are placed and lighted in the most effective manner. An atmosphere of good taste, beauty, and refinement seems to pervade the whole; and the guests whom I met, were really I think in keeping with the scene—all either witty, pleasant or pretty. Sir David Brewster was very agreeable, and both he and Mount-Stewart Elphinstone were full of that kind of childlike simplicity and humility which seems generally to characterize superior minds. I sat between Chantrey and

Hallam, and the former gave me an amusing account of a tour he had made to see all the remarkable churches and cathederals in England, and of the observations he overheard upon the monuments he had sculptured himself. At Lichfield he was looking at the monument to two children who were sleeping in each other's arms—when the verger drew his attention to the pillow, and said, "That monument is always very much admired, more especial the folds of the pillow." It so happened that Chantrey himself had never given a touch to the pillow, which was chiselled by one of his workmen. He had got one of Wilkie's best pictures, "The Cut Finger." and also some very good ones by Stothard, of whom Chantrey said, "He has done more to improve the taste for art in England than any of us." Hallam, too, was very pleasant, aud I always enjoy the sight of his ever smiling countenance, and never find him what one of the wits called him. The said wit when asked if he had visited the new boa constrictor at the Zoological Gardens, replied "No; but I have been spending all the morning with the bore contradictor,"—meaning Hallam.

We afterwards went to a party at Lady Monteagle's, where I had a talk with dear old Wordsworth. His loss of teeth prevents him from speaking very distinctly, ahd his eyes being partly covered with large green spectacles do not assist me to catch the

meaning of an inaudible word or sentence. This was rather a drawback to my pleasure; but I was delighted at being near, and talking to a person whose poems have given me so much enjoyment. His broad forehead and whole appearance put me in mind of a fine old oak in a sunny dell, whose trunk is half decayed and hollow, but whose leaves are fresh and green with spring verdure.

1839. *Thursday 18th May.*—Gratified yesterday to find that I must prepare at once a second edition of my "Rambles in the South of Ireland" which was only published last week. All the copies are sold, and so many people complimented me upon the book last night at Lansdowne House that my head ran the risk of being turned, for they were just the very people whose praise I value most. Lord Lansdowne expressed himself very strongly, and so did Lockhart, Sydney Smith, Rogers, Hallam, Wordsworth, Bulwer, and others. It was all genuine and sincere, as I could see by their eyes. One person there was in whose praise I did not put any faith, and I was right; for, a few days afterwards, there appeared in the * * * a very abusive review of it, which I afterwards learnt on good authority had been written by that person. But we always remained good friends, for I never showed that I had any suspicion who the writer was.

I also received letters about my Rambles from the Queen, written by her governess, Baroness Letzen, and from the Duchess of Kent, written by Lady Flora Hastings, one from Wilkie, also from Lockhart and other celebrated persons.*

* Some years afterwards it was reviewed in the "Quarterly" with the "Home Sketches."

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT—SYDNEY SMITH—JOANNA BAILLIE—MISS SEDGWICK—LADY CORK GIVES A DINNER AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE—HER ECCENTRICITIES.

LAST week was one of great enjoyment, a succession of such pleasant breakfasts and intellectual society all day, and in the evenings, too, that I have no time to write. On Monday we breakfasted with Monckton Milnes,* when Moore sang most delightfully some of his own Irish melodies. I was fortunate enough to sit between the Count de Montalembert and the American orator, Webster. I was struck by the earnestness of both these celebrated, and, in different ways, handsome men; yet how unlike in their aims, appearance, and expression. A slight tinge of melancholy in Montalembert, mingled with Faith and Hope, and his evident longing for sympathy, render him extremely interesting. Webster's countenance is benevolent, but his some-

* Afterwards Lord Houghton.

what self-dependent or self-confident expression, though perhaps showing more power than the other, is to me less attractive, because, as Rogers said, "it shows that he cares less for sympathy and the good opinion of others, which makes us feel that we can be of less use to him." Rogers confessed to me, with a kind of regretful envy, as we were driving home (for we took him part of the way back), that he admires the "happy religious earnestness," as he calls it, of Montalembert.

On Tuesday we breakfasted with Miss Rogers, sister of the poet, where I sat between Rogers and Dean Milman. The former and Sydney Smith were bandying jokes across the table most amusingly. Mrs. Opie, and the celebrated American writer, Miss Sedgwick, and Monckton Milnes and his mother were also there. Afterwards we went up and sat on the balcony, and Sydney Smith read out some of Wordsworth's sonnets, the least good of them unfortunately—only that he and Rogers made such funny additions and running parodies, that they almost killed us with laughter; more especially on the lines that begin "Man's life is like a sparrow."

On my way home I had to leave a bonnet at the milliner's, and Sydney Smith, who went part of the way with us, insisted on putting it on the top of his head, as we drove through the Park, to the great amusement of the passers-by. He said gravely to

me, "Now, my dear lady, when you come to be a very old woman, you may surprise everyone by relating that in your youth you drove a fat parson in your carriage who was in the enjoyment of pluralities—for I think they will be completely done away with by that time. People will scarcely believe you could have been acquainted with a person who ever had more than one living."

He seemed to suffer extremely from the heat, and said he should go to no more evening parties, for that the night before he had seriously meditated sending for the police to disperse the Duchess of A——. "She was standing in a doorway," he added, "and it was impossible to get my own large person through. Heigh-ho! how convenient it would be if one could sit in one's skeleton this kind of weather!" He said that he called yesterday on Lady S——, who was getting some new furniture. and he told her to beware of modern furniture, for that when he went a day or two before, to visit some friends whose house was just newly furnished, he had three chairs killed under him before he left the house.

On Saturday we had a delightful breakfast with Lord Morpeth at his uncle's, the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick. Besides the pleasant literary set, we met O'Connell and Webster there.

The constant breakfasts make each day appear like two. But I can never stay late at the evening

parties, and last night we left Lady Normanby's most pleasant ball while there was a long string of carriages setting down people there.

To-day we breakfasted with Harness. Dear old Joanna Baillie was there, looking so humble, unpretending, and full of simplicity. She reminded me so much of my own dear mother that the tears came into my eyes when I spoke to her. Her figure exactly like, so slim and well made. Her new old-fashioned dress too, which could not have been worn more than once or twice, yet made according to the fashion of ten or twelve years ago, and smelling sweet of the roseleaves and lavender with which it had probably been shut up for years, delighted me, and so did the little old lace cap that encircled her peaceful face. The calm repose of her manner—the cheery and hopeful countenance, seems to do me good, it was so unruffled by the flutter and excitement of modern times. Harness, too, described to me her life—original, simple, and full of real enjoyment. Miss Sedgwick was also there, and I was very much pleased with that most agreeable American. She had been rather puzzled at the London hours, and having begun her intercourse with literary society at the breakfasts given by Rogers, Kenyon, Sydney Smith, &c., she fancied that the English had their chief meal in the morning. But yesterday she was undeceived, for Mrs. M—— had asked her to

come to a party at her house without saying the hour. So Miss Sedgwick asked what time she was to come.

"Oh, come early, quite early, and we shall have a little pleasant talk before the others come. I expect a very large party—so come before nine—come at eight o'clock."

"Well," thought Miss Sedgwick, "the English evidently *are* early risers to have a large party at such an hour." So she got up rather earlier than usual yesterday morning, and after dressing with more than usual care, arrived at Mrs. M——'s house punctually at eight in the morning. She found a housemaid coming out of the door to wash the steps, and after a while a footman appeared struggling into his coat and looking at the carriage with evident consternation.

"Is this Mrs. M——'s house, and does she expect a party so early to breakfast?"

"No, ma'am," he replied "there's no party to breakfast—it is this evening that a large party is expected."

"I did not like to betray my ignorance and stupidity" said Miss Sedgwick, "so I drove home, and went there at eight in the evening. I confessed my stupid mistake to Mrs. M——, and we had a merry laugh about it."

I called afterwards at Rogers's house, to ask per-

mission for some friends, who are coming to town for the day, to see his house and pictures to-morrow afternoon. He was at home, and sent word that he particularly wished to see me. I got out of the carriage and was shown into the drawing-room, where, to my great surprise, I found him and dear old Wordsworth in court dresses, with swords and cocked hats dancing the *minuet de la cour*. Wordsworth said he was rehearsing his bows for the Queen's ball, and getting a lesson from Rogers about it. Wordsworth's dress did very well, except his thick grey worsted stockings which we all exclaimed against. He declared that he could not wear any other kind, so I persuaded him to put a black silk pair over them. This solved the difficulty; he consented, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the dear old poet in the evening looking very picturesque in his court dress.

Another amusing scene had taken place at Rogers's house that morning. Old Lady Cork had called there quite early, and begged that Rogers would come out and speak to her at the carriage; he complied with her request, and found that she wanted him to dine with her on Friday at Mr. Parnther's.

"Yes, I believe I am not engaged that day," said he; "but why doesn't Mr. Parnther, whom I know very well, ask me himself."

"Because I am making up a dinner party for him,

and I don't tell him of it till I find I can get some pleasant people. The S—— are in town, and I want to give them a very good dinner-party, because I like staying with them in the country. But I want men, and everybody is so much engaged just now—and I must give them the dinner this week—and it's such short notice."

"By the by, whose white hat is that on your hall table?" she asked, as her little sharp eyes peered into his hall. "That's not your hat, who have you got with you? he is sure to be pleasant, or you would not have him. Ask the white hat to dine with Mr. Parnther—go and let me know if he can come."

"That is Mr. —— from Yorkshire, and he knows nobody in London."

"Never mind, I will have him; he will be a novelty." Rogers was much amused at her perseseverance, went in to Mr. —— and gave him Lady Cork's message. As the Yorkshire gentleman had never met Lady Cork or heard of her strange oddities, he was much perplexed, and considered that she must be Mr. Parnther's sister or aunt. On hearing that she was no relation, and had not yet informed Mr. Parnther of the dinner party she was so kindly inviting to his house, he was still more puzzled. But as Rogers advised him to accept the invitation for the fun of the thing, he consented. On returning home I found that Lady Cork had been there too, and had

asked to see me; and finding I was out, she wrote me the following note; "You are to dine with Mr. Parnther on Friday. It will be a very good party."

We did—it was extremely pleasant, and Mr. Parnther was evidently much pleased at having such a good party made up for him, without any trouble on his own part. So everybody was satisfied.

But Lady Cork gave very pleasant parties at her own house too, and had a peculiar talent for adapting the furniture and everything in the room to promote real sociability and dispel shyness. Many of the chairs were fastened to the floor to prevent people pushing them into formal circles, or congregating in a crowd, or standing about uncomfortably. She had also a knack of making use of her friends in return for her efforts to make her own house agreeable to them. Sometimes she used to borrow the carriages and horses and footmen of different friends for the day, or hour, as she happened to want them to take her anywhere. One day she was in a dilemma how to get herself taken from a breakfast party, for she had unfortunately forgotten to order the friend's carriage which had taken her there to return for her. She went down to the hall to see whether her friend had thought of sending it; but the carriage was not there. So she took a carriage that was waiting at the door

for some friends whom she had left upstairs. "They will not want it yet," she thought, and therefore told the footman belonging to it that his mistress would let her have the carriage to take her where she wanted to go.

"And they are strong people," thought she, as she afterwards confessed to a cousin of mine: "they may just as well walk home."

The carriage was comfortable, and it seemed to her that she might as well make a round of visits in it. So she kept it out the whole afternoon. In the evening, she went to a large party in another friend's carriage, and one of the first persons she saw was the unfortunate lady whose carriage she had used all the afternoon. The lady, who had been put to extreme inconvenience by the mysterious disappearance of her carriage and footman, thought that Lady Cork would not venture to face her, and was much astonished when the former came up to her and said: "I wish you would have the steps of your carriage altered. It's a most comfortable carriage, except that those high steps don't at all suit my short legs."

Lady Cork often took a great deal of trouble to get country young ladies to the best London balls. One morning she came early to me, and said that I must get an invitation for two young ladies

to a great ball that was to be given the following week. She said, "I have been to three friends already about it this morning, and I asked several people last night to help me. Now you must try, for the people who give the ball are related to you. No—no, I won't listen to any excuses. I know there has been a quarrel between your family and theirs. I know all that, but I won't listen to any impossibilities."

I said, "You are taking a great deal of trouble about these girls—it is very kind of you."

"Yes," she answered, with a funny smile, "I am very kind; but then I have always some sinister design in it. I want to go to their country place, for I have heard that it is a very pleasant house."

CHAPTER XII.

PUBLICATION OF "HOME SKETCHES"—MR. HAYWARD—THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN—A DINNER-PARTY AT HOME.

A DELIGHTFUL concert last night at Lansdowne House; and I was fortunate as usual in getting close to the performers. The Baroness Letzen used to say that I always mesmerised somebody who sat where I wanted to be, for she always observed that if I came in late, somebody was sure to get up without any apparent reason, and that I always advanced in the most natural kind of manner, and sat down in the strangely vacated spot as if I had fully expected to find it.

She said to me once, just before the first concert given by the Queen, "I am anxious to see how you will manage to get near the performers, because all the places near them will be occupied by the Royalties and their attendants." The concert had just begun when I got into the room, and, of course, the seats were already all occupied. As I

stood near the door, I saw the Baroness, who was quite at the farther end of the room, looking at me with a wondering smile on her interesting face. I gave a sort of longing look at the row on one side of the piano, wondering how it would be possible to get a seat there, but not for a moment thinking it impossible. I instinctively kept my eyes fixed on a large turban and portly shoulders and back. Before the first song was finished, I saw the turban rise up—the crowd all round made way for her, and she gradually disappeared through a side door of the room. I half unconsciously advanced towards one of the ladies who sat next the piano, and she looked round and made me a sign to approach. I did so, and the next moment found myself in a most comfortable chair in the very place I wished for. And this was my usual experience. My Aunt Pitt had the same kind of power, or luck—what it is I cannot pretend to say.*

May, 1843.—About this time, "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections" came out, and I look with wonder at its success. It has received sixty-two notices, or reviews, and out of this number fifty-four have been very favourable. In the

* I should say that it arose partly from the exercise of a strong will, added to an irresistible charm of manner that made people eager to gratify her.—E. H. D.

Quarterly and other leading periodicals there was decided praise, and *The Times* said at the end of a most pleasant notice: "It is, however, as a writer of maxims that Lady Chatterton shows the greatest talent, and we are convinced that of reflections concisely expressed and loosely strung together, she might make a very agreeable volume —a sort of good-natured La Rochefoucault."

Dear old Mr. Rogers sent me the following note:

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"How can I thank you enough for what gives me a promise of so much pleasure—a promise you have kept so well before.

"In this instance, however, I have ventured to anticipate a little—and not a little, for I was so much pleased a day or two ago, that I could not but read on, and no wonder—so delighted with the very first chapter.

"Again and again must I thank you, and most happy should I be to tell you so on the 12th, if an engagement to Mr. Grenville on that day did not, most vexatiously, prevent me.

"Yours ever,

"S. ROGERS.

"Friday, May 5th, 1843."

* * * *

We had a particularly pleasant dinner yesterday with Mr. Hayward at the Temple. A collection of wits and most pleasant people, whom our agreeable host contrived to amalgamate and draw out —so that they played into each other's hands, and each one said his best. The advice given in his article on the "Art of Dining" was fully carried out in his own party. We have dined with him several times—each time we met different people, and the last party seemed always to be pleasanter than the one before it.

Thursday.—This morning we breakfasted with Dean Milman, and met there the celebrated German novelist—Ida Countess Hahn-Hahn. I admire some of her writings very much, for they are full of genius. I had often heard of herself from Monckton Milnes. The breakfast was at ten o'clock, yet she had already been to the city, and had seen the Thames Tunnel that morning, which, to her surprise, I had never seen.

Her observations on the celebrated people she met with in London were very good, and there was no ill-natured remarks about anyone. The only words approaching to any fault-finding were about Sir C. Lewis, of whom she said: "Er sah so klug aus das ich furchtete ihn!"

[*Note added afterwards.*—Madame Hahn-Hahn wrote a most interesting account of her visit to

London, and subsequent tour in Ireland and Scotland. She sent the manuscript the following year to Mr. Hayward before it was published, that he might get it well translated into English, and this was just at the time when the Irish Famine obliged us to let our London house and go to live at Bloxworth, a little retired place on the heathy wilds of Dorsetshire. My niece* was studying German with my help, and I thought it would be a good plan for her to try to translate Madame Hahn-Hahn's book, by way of practising her in the language and in deciphering the written German character. So Mr. Hayward lent us the manuscript, and she made an excellent translation of it. Just as she had finished it, we heard that a great family affliction had befallen Madame Hahn-Hahn, who had requested that the manuscript might be returned to her, she having abandoned the idea of its publication. This we did forthwith; we understood afterwards that the German manuscript had been destroyed by the author, but we have still preserved my niece's translation.]

Tuesday.—We had a large and very successful dinner-party yesterday; I say successful, because I was rather afraid that such an unmixed number of wits and savants would not do. I feared, as Hayward said, "there would be too much quince with

* Now Mrs. Ferrers.

the apple tart," but as we are leaving town to-morrow, we wished to see as many as the table would hold—and as they happened to have no other engagement, they all came. In the first place we had Sydney Smith and Macaulay; but as they happened to be at different ends of the table they did not interfere with each other. Macaulay, who was near me, had certainly no "brilliant flashes of silence," but I fortunately got him upon the subject of pictures, and as Lord Lansdowne was on my right side and Mrs. Blackwood* beyond him, we enjoyed his discourse uninterruptedly. He gave us a most interesting account of most of the celebrated pictures in the world—the different hands they had fallen into, the escapes of some, the vicissitudes of others—some having passed many years rolled up at the bottom of a Laguna under the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, others that passed through the fortunes of war and captivity, and had been redeemed with ransom. I wished that Macaulay's Essay on pictures, which lasted all dinner time, could have been published, for it almost surpassed any of his best articles in the *Edinburgh*. Then, by the peels of laughter that came from the farther end of the table, we saw that Sydney Smith was in full glee, with such listeners as Bulwer, Hallam, Milnes, Mrs. Butler, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Rogers was very happily placed by a very

* Afterwards Lady Gifford.

pretty girl, having dear Lady Laura Fitzroy on his other side, who enjoyed a quieter kind of conversation with Hallam and Babbage. In fact the party was large enough to be split up into different sets, and then in the evening they changed about, and some got the witty jokes of Sydney Smith, while others engaged Macaulay in conversation on some grave but interesting subjects; and some pleasant people came afterwards. In the course of it Rogers happened to ask Macaulay what he thought of Miss Harriet Martineau's wonderful cures by mesmerism. He said with one of his rare smiles, "Oh it's all in my eye and Hetty Martineau!" Lady Charlotte Lindsay said to Rogers that some friends of hers were much disappointed at not finding him at home the evening she had been asked to dine with him.

"Ah, yes," said he with a pathetic look, "I quite forgot that I had asked people to dine with me that day, and I went out to dinner."

"How very unfortunate!" said another lady; "were you not horrified when you returned home, and found that all the party had come and been obliged to go away without any dinner?"

"Well, yes: but though they lost their dinner they had a good story against me, which did just as well."

Eliot Warburton the author of "The Crescent and the Cross" and other most popular books

brought Mr. Bourke to our party that evening, having written me the following note.

"Dear Lady Chatterton.

"Will you do me the favour to let me introduce to your acquaintance a great friend of mine, Richard Bourke. He *will* be Lord Mayo, but he *is* a better thing—'one of nature's nobles.' He is very anxious to make your acquaintance, and I should feel greatly obliged by your receiving him this evening.

"Believe me most faithfully yours.

"ELIOT WARBURTON."

* Afterwards Lord Mayo. How full of life and charm those two men were that evening! Elliot Warburton soon after left England in the ill-fated ship 'Amazon,' and strange to say, his last novel, which was published after he had gone, contains a vivid description of a ship on fire! He perished with all the crew in the burning of the 'Amazon,' and Lord Mayo, though he lived long enough to become one of the most celebrated men of the day, was cruelly murdered when Governor-General of India.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMINISCENCES OF LOCKHART AND HIS DAUGHTER—A GHOST STORY.

WE dined with Lockhart yesterday, and I was more than ever charmed with his most delightful daughter. This is her first season, and she is immensely admired; yet she cares very little for balls or gaiety of any kind. Her delight is to see pictures, and curiosities and works of art; so we have been several times together to various galleries, and to the British Museum. It was a very pleasant dinner, a set of wits and remarkable people; but after they had all gone, they persuaded me to stay, for we had been talking about ghosts, and they wished to hear my own small experiences in that way. He told me that he had the greatest wish to be able to believe in the existence of ghosts, as showing the reality of a spiritual world, and he made me promise to write down what I had told him. It was as follows:—

I could scarcely have been four years old, when we were staying at Sherborne Castle, an old place belonging to Lord Digby, in Dorsetshire. It was built by Sir Walter Raleigh, and is situated on a height, overlooking a large piece of water with the fine old ruins of an older castle on the opposite bank. The castle was so full on our arrival that my old Scotch nurse and I were put into a large room, which, as I afterwards heard, was said to be the haunted room: nobody would sleep in it, and strange noises were heard at night to come from it. My nurse did not know this at the time, nor did my mother.

My impression is that I was much pleased to find myself in this large room; for it was in the third story, and the views from its windows over the beautiful terrace garden, which sloped down to the water and the ruined castle beyond, enchanted me. I slept in a little cot which had been placed close to a large old fashioned bed of carved oak with red velvet curtains, where my nurse slept. In the middle of the night I was awoke by a brilliant light that shone upon the wall. As I looked wonderingly at it, figures of men fighting seemed to pass over it, like the reflections produced by a magic lantern. Groups of figures passed to and fro, shouting as they advanced and retreated. The colours were very vivid. I saw red coats and black, and flashing of fire arms,

and heard horrible noises. I was very much frightened, and looked round to my nurse for help. She was sitting up in bed, and to my still greater horror I saw she was not awake, but her eyes were fixed, though she seemed to be making signs to the figures, talking to them and motioning them to go away, while they were yelling and quarreling. I could neither cry out nor move—I was so frightened, but continued to look at the strange appearance. Suddenly it vanished, and all was dark and silent. A feeling of horror and dread, which I still feel when I happen to think of it, kept me awake until the day dawned through the window curtains, when I went to sleep. I never mentioned this horrible scene to my nurse, nor to anyone else, till many years afterwards, when I told her about it, and asked if she had any recollection of it. She answered that she had not.

We often stayed at Sherborne Castle afterwards, but I never heard of anyone else being put in that room to sleep. It was directly over the one my mother generally had, and one night she was awoke by a violent knocking over head. She described it as of dead bodies falling, or being thrown about, on the floor overhead. My father heard it too, and as there was a little turret staircase that wound up to the floor above out of their room, he determined to go and see what it could be. He lighted a candle,

and ascended the narrow winding staircase. He found the door of this large mysterious room open, but no one was in it. He had the courage (as I afterwards thought) to pass through the room, and went out at the other door, which opened on the great staircase, and came down again to my mother. The strange noises had ceased, and they never heard them again.

I often went into that haunted room when I was staying there afterwards; I used to stand near the large carved oak bedstead, just where my little cot had been, and try to account for the strange effect I remembered so well. The vision or appearance had been on the wall opposite the windows, and I tried to fancy that the moonlight could have shone in and produced some kind of pattern on the wall. But the paper on it was a kind of dull green, with a very slight pattern; and I remembered that the dark red damask curtains of the windows had been drawn, so that, had the moon been shining, no light could have come in except through some small crevices; and this could not have formed the large vision all along the breadth of the wall, nor the lurid light that had awoke me out of my sleep.

The second mysterious occurrence was at Winchester in the Prebendal House. My mother had not been very well, but there was nothing alarming in her state. I was suffering from a bad cold, and

went early to bed one night, after leaving her in the drawing-room in excellent spirits and tolerably well. I slept unusually well, and when I awoke the moon was shining through the old casement brightly into the room. The white curtains of my bed were drawn to protect me from the draught that came through the large window, and on this curtain, as if depicted there, I saw the figure of my mother—the face deadly pale, lying on her bed with blood flowing on the bed-clothes. For a moment I lay horror-stricken and unable to move or cry out, till, thinking it might be a dream or delusion, I raised myself up in bed and touched the curtain. Still the appearance remained (although the curtain on which it was depicted moved to and fro when I touched it) as if reflected by a magic lantern. In great terror I got up, and throwing on a cloak, I rushed off through some rooms and a long passage to my mother's room. To my surprise, I saw from the further end of the passage that her door was open, and a strong light coming from it across the passage. As she invariably locked her door when she went to bed, my fears were increased by the sight, and I ran on more quickly still and entered her room. There she lay, just as I had seen her on the curtain, pale as death, and the sheet covered with blood, and two doctors standing by the bed-side.

She saw me at once and seemed delighted to see

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me, though too weak to speak or hold out her hand. "She has been very ill," said the doctor, "but she would not allow you to be called, lest your cold should be made worse. But I trust all danger is over now, and you had better lie down on the sofa near her. We will take our leave and return before breakfast. I am glad you came, for the sight of you has decidedly done her much good." So she had been in danger and would not disturb me! Oh! how thankful I felt to the vision or fancy, or whatever it may have been.

These are the only two apparitions I have seen, but I have had a great many positive perceptions of the danger or death of my dear friends. Some of them were of use, and enabled a brother to visit his much loved sister in time to see her alive, because he put such faith in my perception that, on receiving a letter in which I expressed the apprehension I felt that his sister was dying, he immediately ordered his carriage to take him to the station, that he might catch the first early train from Yorkshire to London. I had urged him in my letter to start at once, and although the same post brought him a letter with an improved account of her, he was yet so impressed with my conviction that he acted upon it. As he approached the station (he had many miles to drive) he met a man on horseback with a telegram entreating him to go immediately to his sister. The

train was about to start, he stepped in, and arrived in time to see her alive, and receive her last words and wishes. She died an hour after his arrival, and if he had not started on receiving my letter, the telegram would not have enabled him to be in time; for he could not have travelled until a later train.

Of course we talked about the Raynham Ghost—the "Brown Lady," as she was called, who used so often to appear, for, as I used often to stay there, Mr. Lockhart made me relate what I had heard. I never saw anything, but I am acquainted with six people who frequently had seen this apparition. She appeared in different parts of the house, dressed in olive brown silk, which rustled as she passed along, and she wore the head-dress of bygone times. It was supposed to be the ghost of Dorothy Walpole, the second wife of the second Viscount Townshend, whose portrait still hangs in one of the rooms.

She was oftenest met with about midnight on the brown staircase (so called from its carved balustrades of dark oak), and sometimes by more than one person at a time. She glided by them with no mortal footsteps, and when she had reached the top of the stairs, she used to turn round and gaze with a pale and awful countenance. Then she would pass along the gallery, and disappear through a certain door. At the time I am speaking of, that door led to a room

where a party of two or three children, with a nurse, were sleeping. But nobody had seen anyone enter, neither was there any exit from the room. Two young men, one a stranger, who had never heard of the ghost, and one a nephew of the owner, saw her pass along in the manner I have described, and hastening after her, saw her disappear within the nursery.

I have often stayed at haunted houses, but have never seen anything, except that, when reading or working, a shadow has sometimes passed between me and the light. This has happened frequently. It was as if a person had passed by, and cast a shadow on the page or work, so that I have constantly turned my head to see who it was, and found that nobody was in the room.

One of the family, who had seen the ghost, drew a little pencil sketch for me of the "brown lady," as she appeared—an impressive face, with large downcast eyes and long eyelashes. Two or three years afterwards I was passing the winter at Florence, and at a ball given by the Grand Duke, I saw in the distance a face that suddenly recalled to my mind the sketch of the "brown lady." I asked a friend who was standing near the name of the young girl, and was startled to hear him say, "Lady Dorothy Walpole." I did not even then know that Lord Orford had a daughter of that name; and my friend told me that

she was not yet grown up, but as a great favour had been allowed by her father to be present at the beautiful fête.

We had a pleasant dinner party yesterday at dear old Lady Charleville's, when I sat between Lockhart and Bulwer. Sydney Smith was just opposite, and both my neighbours, as well as myself, being deaf, he raised his voice, so that many of his jokes reached my ears, and we were all three so much amused, that we had not much conversation together. Lady Charlotte Bury, that famous beauty of bygone years, was there looking most picturesque—like a splendid ruin in her purposely old-fashioned attire. Rogers and Milnes came in the evening, and old Lady Cork, who happened to pass near a sofa where I and my kind neighbours at dinner, with the addition of Rogers, were sitting, stopped before us, and with her strange kind of oracular tone, said, "Ah, there—you are all four deaf—that is because you will read and write, and think too much! I have just been saying the same to Miss Martineau, but she is much worse than any of you."

Lord Glenelg came up and tried to convince the energetic old lady that he knew many deaf people who never either read or write. He has a wonderful memory, almost as much so as Macaulay. He remembers and can recite many pages of books, and even whole plays without missing a word.

Monday, June 5.—We have been spending a delightful week at Knebworth, and I enjoyed it even more than my former visit; for his dear beautiful daughter was there. She has just returned from a school in Germany where she won all the prizes.

* * * * *

Tuesday.—We gave a dinner party yesterday to some friends who made it very pleasant. Lord and Lady Rivers, and that most agreeable and charming Lord Howden, Lord Glenelg, who amalgamates so well with intellectual people of opposite kinds, and who equally enjoys Sydney Smith's fun, Macaulay's essay-like harangues, and Rogers' varied humours, Hallam's matter of fact historical sayings, Lockhart's sentiment and enthusiasm, Milnes' kind-hearted trustfuluess, and pleasant counteractions of the least touches of ill-nature. Dr. Whewell's translation of Hermann and Dorothea, which he had kindly sent me, happened to be on the table, and we talked of his varied knowledge and facility in learning languages. He had gone into the country for recreation after an illness, and taken with him a German grammar and dictionary, knowing as yet nothing of the language. The result of his fortnight's holiday was the above-named translation, of which he had a few copies printed for private circulation.

* * * * *

Our last week in London; so Rogers made us breakfast with him every day, and yesterday we had a most affectionate parting with the dear old man, who said he should try hard to live till we came back.

We dined yesterday with Hadji Baba (J. Morier) and met a most pleasant set of people; I sat next to Lockhart. He reminded me that we first met there, that he did not know who I was till the ladies went upstairs, and that he saw that I did not know him, because I found fault with the length of his "Life of Scott."

Lady Davy* sat next to Rogers. One day she said to him, "Oh, Mr. Rogers, I hear that you have been abusing me to people." He replied, "I! my dear Lady Davy? on the contrary, I pass my life in defending you."

* Widow of Sir Humphry Davy.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WINTER IN PARIS—SECOND SIGHT—MADAME MARLAY.

AFTER that season in London we made a tour in the Pyrenees, and I published an account of it, called "The Pyrenees and Spain," with lithographic drawings from my sketches.

Paris, Rue de Rivoli. 1842. *January.*—An amusingly provoking incident occurred this morning. We had scarcely finished breakfast when my English maid came to say that a person wished to see me, and was waiting in the outer room of our apartment. "Is it a lady?" I inquired.

"No, my Lady."

"A gentleman?"

"No, my Lady."

"What is it then?" I asked.

"Well, my Lady, I'm no judge of foreigners, but I think it's a female."

"Probably the French governess that Mme. Marlay was to send for Pysie," I thought. So

I remained a few minutes longer to finish my breakfast, and sent the maid for my niece, that I might show her to the person who was to come daily to instruct her in French. This occasioned a little further delay, but at length we went to see the stranger in the outer room. Then I saw a lady with a most benevolent and fine countenance, dressed exceedingly plainly, in a sort of thick brown cotton gown and unfashionable bonnet.

"What a delightful governess she will make," was my first thought: so I immediately began to introduce my niece, and to ask her what were the hours it would be most convenient to her to come, and I hoped it would be every day.

"Mais, my lady," she said, with an amused look, "je viens de la part de mon frère, M. Guizot, pour vous inviter à ses soirées. Vous avez laissé une lettre de M. Milnes à notre porte hier, et c'est pourquoi je me suis empressée de venir vous chercher si tôt ce matin."

Instead of being the least offended at my having taken her for the daily governess, she was most kind, and invited us not only to M. Guizot's large official parties for every Tuesday, but to her own private receptions on Friday evenings. Then she finished by saying, she would come, and fetch me to go with her to the reception at the Hôtel de Ville and the Luxembourg, &c.

"And what you will like better still," she added, "I will take you to the Princess Czartoriska's. She does not, alas! live in a palace—quite the reverse, in a small apartment, where her little rooms are all lighted with a few common candles; but, ah, you will like her and her few good friends so much. You will meet M. de Lamartine there, and perhaps hear Chopin and Liszt play. And now I will take my leave, for I know that you English do not make visits so early in the morning, and do not expect to be disturbed by them."

Friday.—This morning we had a most pleasant visit from the Count Afred de Vigny. I read his interesting novel of "Cinq Mars" last year and could not help expressing the pleasure I had derived from it. But he seemed, like some other writers, rather jealous for his poetry, and asked me with some anxiety whether I did not admire his Elva much more. I was obliged to confess that I had not read it, whereupon he promised to send me a copy, and one also of his tragedy of Stella. He said he proposed to write for the stage, and added that he was more anxious for success in that line than any other, because he considered it the most useful, and that so much could be done by the stage to influence the people for good. His fine eyes beamed with enthusiasm while he spoke. He is a most poetical-looking man. The long golden

hair that flows in large wavy curls from each side of a broad refined looking forehead has a picturesque effect. He said that he did not wonder at a despotic government encouraging operas in preference to plays, because the former gave less scope to thought than the latter.

Last night, Guizot's sister, the Countess de Meulan, called, as she had promised, to take me to the Préfet's and Madame de Rabotin's reception at the Hôtel de Ville. It was a fairy scene—the rooms, the profusion of flowers, and combination of light, gave the effect of enchantment. We ended the evening at De Lamartine's. The Count Alfred de Vigny, De Montalembert, and many other celebrities of different sets were there. Some too of the old Faubourg St. Germain set, who will not go to the Tuileries, nor to the receptions given by the ministers of the present king. So that at De Lamartine's, as well as at De Montalembert's, we meet a better set, I mean of the old noblesse, who are seldom seen at Guizot's, or the Duchesse Décaze's After all, no country can produce more perfect gentlemen, more really refined and cultivated people, than old France.

Montalembert said that Paris is the coldest city in Europe, that it is more difficult to keep oneself and one's rooms warm here than in any other.

February 7th.—Yesterday we dined with De

Montalembert, and I was enchanted with his beautiful and agreeable wife. I sat between Montalembert and his cousin, Count Gustave de Beaumont, who had lately written a book on Ireland. He is very handsome, but his dark eyes seemed to me rather like his book on Ireland, inclined to see the gloomy side of human nature.*

The rooms were most picturesque. The dark colour of the purple velvet furniture was relieved by a number of white marble vases full of flowers, and carved alabaster brackets, and ornaments interspersed among some very good pictures which adorned the walls. We went afterwards to a party at the Duchesse Décaze's, and then to the Princess Czartoriska's, and were introduced to the latter's most agreeable mother, Princess S * * *.

Yesterday we had a little dinner party ourselves at our apartments in the Rue de Rivoli. It was composed of extraordinarily good materials, I do not mean for eating, but for intellectual enjoyment, and they all looked and talked their best. The Montalemberts were of the party, Lord Gainsborough and his remarkably beautiful wife, and pretty young daughter, Lady Louisa Noel, Sir Henry Bulwer, Prince Czartoriska, Count Alfred de

* His book on Ireland was called at that time in Paris "The Bane," and Lady Chatterton's "Rambles in the South of Ireland" "The Antidote."

Vigny, the celebrated beauty Mademoiselle d'Henin, and the handsome and agreeable Lord Howden. The latter alone would make any party pleasant. Although an Englishman, he possesses the rare tact which enables him to draw forth the good and amusing qualities of others, a talent which constitutes one of the peculiar charms of the old French *noblesse*, and in this effort he was well seconded by the Prince de Chalais Périgord.

* * * * *

I received the following note from Sir Henry Bulwer yesterday.

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"What is the name and address of that elderly lady,* who is your friend, and knows my brother, and is very agreeable? I think something like Varly. Will you excuse this, and answer it at your leisure?

"Ever dear Lady Chatterton,

"Your's most truly,

"H. L. BULWER.

"I will be ready at half-past nine to accompany you to the Luxembourg."

[Madame Marlay, mentioned in this note, was a Chanoinesse of the Order of St. Anne, and very

* Madame Marlay.

popular with the Legitimists. She had an acute and powerful mind, her self-denying charity to the poor was unexceptionably great, and she was altogether a really remarkable woman. Her brother, Colonel Marlay, married the charming and accomplished daughter of one whose name distinctively recalls the days when personal qualities were appreciated in London. That state of society has passed away. Death, which in a few years makes London seem like a vast grave-yard, has taken away its witnesses, one by one, till their isolated numbers appear even less than they are, and a new system—if system it can be called which has no principle but reckless self-indulgence at the expense of every moral obligation—has swept over it like a wave and obliterated its landmarks; yet there are still some remaining who will remember the Dowager Countess of Charleville and her well-known house in Cavendish Square, where people were valued, not for what they had, but for what they did. Those among my readers who have read Lady Morgan's Life, published a few years ago, will perhaps have noticed, as did one of the principle Reviews (I forget which), that Lady Charleville's letters formed the most interesting portion of a biography in which elements of interest were abundant. Those who are acquainted with her daughter—and their number is considerable—have the opportunity still

of recognizing the fact that she is one of the few in whom the old traditions of good breeding are a reality. Her lovely daughter, who married Lord John Manners, died very young. I cannot quit this subject without saying that in days when over-crowding and hurry have raised forgetfulness of the absent to the dignity of a principle, Lady Charleville's daughter, Mrs. Marlay, was ever the same constant friend of her whose Memoirs I am writing.—E. H. D.]

Madame Marlay had the very rare gift of what the Scotch call "second sight;" I know two or three remarkable instances of it, which I related to Sir Henry Bulwer, and which interested him exceedingly. They are as follows:—

The first instance I am about to relate happened with regard to a French family, that of the Vicomte de C——, who were intimate friends of Madame Marlay. The Vicomtesse was English. The Vicomte was on one occasion nominated, by the present King, Ambassador to Naples, and not being very rich, was very glad of the appointment. This satisfaction was not, however, shared by the Vicomtesse, who was very fond of Paris, and dreaded the change. When she expressed her regrets to her old friend Madame Marlay a few evenings before they were to leave Paris, the latter turned her large dark eyes suddenly to the Vicomte

and after a moment's consideration looked again at his wife and said:— "Do not apprehend the journey or the change; it will not take place. The Vicomte will not be Ambassador at Naples."

On hearing this the Vicomte remarked with an expression half of regret and half of joking incredulity:— "Oh, dear Madame, pray do not deprive us of this appointment, you know how small our income is, and what advantage the Embassy will be to our children."

"I cannot help it," she said; "you will not go to Naples; but never mind, I see plenty of gold for you in the future. After a time, in a few years, you will be very well off."

Some days afterwards there was an unexpected change of Ministry, and in consequence the Vicomte was deprived of his Embassy.

All this I had heard some years ago: I was myself a witness of the conclusion. I was passing the evening with the Vicomte and Vicomtesse and their daughters. No one was there besides ourselves, except Madame Marlay. Several fancy-balls had recently been given, and the Vicomte's daughters had gone to one in dresses of the time of Louis Quinze, with their hair powdered, which had been particularly becoming to them. "Now these balls are all over," said the youngest, "how I wish that we could give one." "By the by,"

she added, laughing, and turning to Madame Marlay, "where is all the gold you promised my father that time when you said he would not be Ambassador at Naples. It came true; so we hope the other half of your prediction will be fulfilled also."

Madame Marlay turned gravely toward the Vicomte, and looking fixedly at him, said:— "He has got it. Yes, you are rich now: it has come to you."

"I am certainly not rich," said the Vicomte. "On the contrary, I am rather poorer than I was before." There was much joking against Madame Marlay, and many were the expressions of disappointment; but soon the conversation turned to other topics, and I admired the equanimity with which they all bore this second disappointment.

A day or two afterwards Madame Marlay came to me in great glee. "Well, I was right after all," she exclaimed, "they have got the fortune. The letters arrived last night. The Vicomte had already got the property the other evening, when I told him so. Lady E. M. had died, and she had left him all her landed estates. I believe he never even saw her; but they were distantly related, and she has left him her beautiful place in Ireland, and a good property. She died the very day before I told him that riches had come to him."

Madame Marlay also foretold the fate of the Princess Marie d'Orléans, that beautiful young Princess who sculptured the now famous statue of Joan of Arc. Madame Marlay was very intimate with the King Louis Philippe and his family, and often passed an evening with them in private. The Princesses having heard of her second sight, asked her one evening to tell their fortunes.

"I don't think I can do that," she said, "my glimpses into the future are quite involuntary. I can only say what I see at the moment I am speaking. But perhaps". . . she then looked fixedly at the Princess Clémentine and said, "I see great joy in store for you, you will live long, and have a happy marriage." She then turned to the Princess Marie, and I was told that her countenance darkened, and she seemed reluctant to speak. After a pause she said, "You too will marry the man of your choice—and be supremely happy for—one year." The Princess married soon afterwards, and it was a very happy union, but, alas! at the end of the first year she was burnt to death.

Various other little predictions of hers came true. A few winters ago she met Lady R—— at a party, and introduced her to a young French lady of whom Madame Marlay was very fond; but, with the exclusive feeling which many English indulge in, Lady R—— did not seem pleased that an acquaintance

should be thrust upon her, and said something to that effect. This annoyed Madame Marlay very much, her dark eyes flashed and she said in a tone loud enough for several people to hear.

"Take care—a misfortune is befalling your family —yes, at this very moment there is a great fire—a great loss by fire."

Lady R—— looked so dismayed that Madame Marlay was sorry she had uttered her thoughts, and added; "Never mind, it will be a great loss, but not so much to you personally. You will perhaps not regret having another excuse to follow your own inclination and live abroad." A person who heard Madame Marlay say all this described the scene to me, and also told me that a few days afterwards letters came to Lady R—— to inform her that her husband's magnificent place in ——shire was entirely destroyed. It was burnt down on that very night when Madame Marlay told Lady R—— of it. It was not insured; therefore the loss in every way was very great.

When I first became acquainted with Madame Marlay I had heard of her strange power, and having no desire to look into the future, I determined strongly in my own mind that she should never tell me anything about myself. During the various winters we passed in Paris, I saw a great deal of her, and during our last walk in the Tuileries

together, I spoke to her about her strange power, and asked her how she did it—what impelled her, and, as in the case of the Vicomte de C—— what it was she saw or felt that induced her to predict for him riches in the distance. I asked her also what it was that enabled her to know that the Vicomte had already got the fortune that night when nobody had heard of the unexpected will, or the death of the lady. She said it was difficult to describe—that when she first told him he would be deprived of his Embassy to Naples, something seemed to convince her that he would not leave Paris; but she saw above his head something like a cloud of gold, a long way off, and that years after, on that night when we all met at his house, she saw the same cloud quite near: it seemed to encircle his head, and then she knew that the riches, from whatever source, had come to him.

"And in the case of Lady R——, what did you see," I asked, "that made you say she was suffering by fire?"

"She was surrounded by flames, and so was Lord R——, and they seemed so fierce round him as if they would singe his clothes: so I knew he would feel the loss much."

"But did you see flames round the Princesse Marie," I inquired, "that caused you to say she would only be happy for one year?"

"No, thank God, I did not," she replied. "I only felt, or seemed to know, that her happiness in this world would only last one year after her marriage." She also said that her power was quite involuntary—she could only do it when much excited either by affection or dislike; and she added, as she looked into my eyes with that strange penetration which I had seen in them when she spoke to the Vicomte de C——. "It is very strange that, though I love you so much, I could never tell you anything; and I have always felt that you prevented me—that you are preventing me now."

I had never told her of my dislike to be told anything concerning my future life; but I had willed strongly in my own mind that she should not. That was the last day I ever saw her, we left Paris the next morning, and she died soon afterwards to my great sorrow.

That winter in Paris was certainly most pleasant, and would have been to me a great deal more so, if I had enjoyed sufficiently good health to attend half the delightful receptions that were given at particularly agreeable houses. The intellectual society was adorned by many rare geniuses—in fact it was a combination of witty and poetical-minded persons, such as at that time was also to be found in London. Where are they now?

* * * * *

While we were abroad the following year 1844, my novel of "Allanston" came out anonymously, and the first intelligence I received about it was in a letter from Lord Macaulay.

CHAPTER XV.

SIX SAD YEARS—RESIDENCE IN DORSETSHIRE AND AT ROLLS PARK IN ESSEX—DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM CHATTERTON—RETURN TO SEAMORE PLACE.

HERE follow some entries in the Diary relating to the Scientific Meeting in Cork, when Sir William and Lady Chatterton entertained the President, Lord Northampton, Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Sedgwick, and other remarkable men, at their place in the neighbourhood. Then follow entries of subsequent tours abroad, in Italy and the Tyrol, containing nothing that would interest the general reader.

The relaxing climate of the South of Ireland made it impossible for her to remain there for more than a short period at a time, and the following entry was made after her last visit to Cork in 1847.

In 1848 the following passage describes in a touching manner the beginning of the potatoe famine.—E. H. D.

* * * * *

During our visit at Lord Rosse's on our way back to England, we saw him and several other *savants* investigating with a powerful microscope the fatally diseased potatoes. At that time hope was not yet extinguished, nor had people any idea that the disease was so general as it has since proved. But I shall never forget how my heart sank to see on the faces of Lord Rosse and other learned men their look of horror and dread, as they peered through the glass at different parts of the potatoes. It was the first real alarm, and I seemed suddenly to be aware of the full extent of the awful calamity that was impending.

Here the Diary suddenly ceases. The next entry is in the year 1854.

Six sad years! The Irish famine, no rents received. We retired to Bloxworth, a picturesquely placed little residence amid the wild heaths of Dorsetshire. In 1852 we left it and came to Rolls Park in Essex, alas! my dearest William's* health becomes worse instead of better.

Our dear old friend Rogers has died. He had lost his memory of late—not for the long ago, but for the present or late occurrences, and as he be-

* Sir William Chatterton.

came more deaf he had very little pleasure in listening to the converstaion of others; yet the dear and often misunderstood old man liked to be able to amuse or interest people—to feel that he was still of some use. But at this time, during the last few years of his life, many well-meaning but tactless persons unintentionally worried him by endeavouring to amuse him by their talk, instead of letting him try to amuse them; for his powers of conversation were as great as ever.

Mr. Milnes [Lord Houghton] told me that the last day that he saw Rogers, he found him watching the sunset from his dining-room window which overlooked the Park.

How often he had done so from our drawing-room in Seamore Place, and given utterance to some of his best and most poetical thoughts.

On that day, Lord Houghton said that the old poet went on gazing at the sky for some moments after the sun had disappeared, with a look of intense hope on his face, and then said:—

"Yes! he is gone now—all is dark; and I too must go very soon, and pass through a momentary darkness; but the sun will rise again, and so shall I!" he said, pointing with his withered hand towards the East.

These were, I heard, the last words that he said

to any of his friends. I here insert the last letter I received from him.

"My dear Friend,

"How can I thank you for thinking of me so long in my absence.

"Old as I am, my heart is as young as ever. I am as well as when you last left me, and dwelling with as much pleasure on every one under your own roof.

"My sister desires me to give her kindest regards to you and Sir William Chatterton.

"Yours most affectionately,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"Bedford House, Brighton, January 19, 1854."

* * * *

July, 1856.—The saddest event of all! We remained at Rolls Park three years. Dearest William's health became worse and worse, and during the third year of our residence there he died, on the 5th of last August, 1855.

This terrible loss has produced, after a few months, the same effect that my dear mother's death had on me, and seemed to force me to write once more.

"Compensation" has come out anonymously, and I am gratified by hearing that it is well received. A review in the "Daily News" gives me

the first feeling of pleasure I have experienced for a long time.

* * * *

1857.—I have returned to my own house in Seamore Place, which had become vacant by the death of my tenant, Lady Agnes Buller. My dear niece* lives with me, and I am beginning to see some old friends. But, alas! how many have died during my six years absence from London!

* Miss Orpeu, afterwards Mrs. Ferrers.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DIARY RESUMED—LONELINESS—PUBLICATION OF THE "REIGNING BEAUTY"—THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

FEBRUARY, 1858.—To produce a good novel, I believe one should treat one's manuscript as an extravagant but excellent cook we had did her fricandeaux! On receiving great praise for one, she said, "Yes, it was very good, and so it ought—for it was the fourth I tried. The three other legs of veal wouldn't make a good one at all, although I spent half the morning in beating and larding them, but I was determined not to be baffled, and the fourth leg answered very well."

* * * *

How delightful is the pure fresh air, the sweet smells of the real country, the sights and sounds of nature! I have become of late so strangely intense and vivid. I feel so strongly about every person or thing that interests me. I can take nothing coolly. When I was a girl, I was com-

paratively cold—my feelings were not easily excited; I was like a hard rosebud, on which the storms and showers beat without inflicting much injury, nor did the sunshine appear to infuse much warmth. Some secret blight must have kept its young leaves closed; so that though it did not fade, it remained undeveloped, surviving in its joyless vegetation the more brilliant companions which bloomed and scented the air by its side.

Then on a late day of Autumn, when the others had scattered their bright leaves, the little hard bud began to blow. Its tender leaves expanded joyfully to the sun's rays. But at that late season how could there be much sunshine? Cold blasts and heavy raindrops beat upon the still youthful and opening flower, yet it caught every passing ray, and emitted its long concealed fragrance to the half wintry air.

And so it struggles on. Few, indeed, come to visit that *parterre* in these cold autumnal days, and there are no gay butterflies to hover round the lonely flower. Those who walk in the neglected garden are startled at seeing the pale rose blooming at such an unnatural season, and wonder that the frosts of advancing winter have not been too keen for its endurance.

The days are getting shorter and shorter. The long nights become bitterly cold, and the late

blooming and still unmatured rose must soon die. Will it be left neglected on its stem to be shrivelled and browned by the biting wind, or will some kind hand place the opening flower in a vase where it may bloom in a sheltered and warm place, and be consoled by the bright faces and cheerful voices of young companions?

This simile explains to myself some of the peculiar suffering I have had to undergo, and excuses perhaps the oddity and apparent waywardness of my actions, which often perplex me. I feel the solitariness of my position more keenly than ever. Certainly the shell that encased me before is gone; and, therefore, the farther I live from the excitements and struggles of human feeling the better. Intellectual pursuits, especially composition, entail a wish for sympathy, and force a feeling of mental and heart loneliness upon me.

* * * *

Hayle Place. April 8th, 1858.—The more we approach, through suffering, love, and knowledge to the primitive simplicity of children, the better we shall be. Most great minds—minds that exert most influence on their fellow-creatures attain this childlike humility and simplicity. It is shown on their countenances as well as in their words.

April 21st.—My normal state of suffering is increased by contrast. I have gleams of happiness

at short intervals, and I see everything in its proper light. Then, alas! everything becomes dark and distorted again, and I feel that it is my own fault, yet I cannot see my way to remedy it. Whether the usual distortion is caused by an unhealthy state of body, or an ill-regulated mind,* or both, or whether it is my especial trial, I never can make out. I try so hard to be thankful—to remember, and count over, and be grateful to God for all my blessings, and comforts, and powers. I cry over my ingratitude, but nothing can make me rejoice unless the feeling of happiness comes. Some things bring it—a letter, a word, even a vivid recollection of kindness from those I love.

April 28th.—This morning I received the first proof of "The Reigning Beauty." This is actually my tenth work, the twenty-third volume I have had to correct,† I received it with the same bounding sense of satisfaction and hope as when I opened

* Most certainly not. It was the best self-regulated mind of which I have any knowledge. By self-regulated, I mean, that with no human help, except from her own clear intelligence and honesty of purpose, no guide but her own practical intuition, she acted on Catholic principles long before she became a Catholic, and when she did so, only required doctrinal instruction, her instincts and habits being distinctly Catholic already.

† After we were married, she wrote eleven other works—twenty volumes. The list of them, as I mentioned before, will be found in the Appendix.

the first proof sheets of "Aunt Dorothy" long long ago! Perhaps this delicious Spring day has something to do with it. Thank God for that too.

April 23.—Will the "Reigning Beauty" make a hit? I do not believe that any book of mine ever will; and I should be ashamed of caring, were it not that I try to do some good in my writings, which cannot be fully accomplished unless the book has an effect on large numbers. It seems strange that in spite of all the praise my works have received from Reviewers, and from remarkable people, not one has really made a hit. I have notes and letters praising them, from Lockhart, Wilkie, and many others, including some great critics not famed for paying literary compliments. A review in the *Daily News* of my anonymous work "Compensation" which must be necessarily impartial, seems to think that I have more power of mental analysis and other qualities requisite for a novelist than * * —yet his novels have made extraordinary hits, and run through endless editions.*

* One condition of general popularity is, that the standard of right and wrong be lowered to the average tone of the multitude. It is true that the most popular works have described extraordinary acts of heroism and self-devotion; yet such acts do not appeal to the reader personally. They are not within the range of his daily life, and therefore do not tread on his self-esteem by reproaching him for not doing likewise; whereas a persistently high-

Sunday April 25.—Outward circumstances much the same, but what a change in my spirits since then! It is now as if nothing ever could be, or ever had been, bright or happy. I have discovered so many more faults in my disposition and habits than I was aware of before. It is so depressing never to be able to do or think right. Yet I cannot even take this powerlessness as a trial—nor can I have the true humility to cast my care upon the Saviour, and rest and trust in His merits, and be satisfied to have none of my own!

Distraction or the end! I must either figure to myself the last moment of life—what I shall feel or think then—or I must distract my mind by deep occupation. Yet I always look to the end in everything. Strange that I cannot better prepare

tone of thought and action in everyday life, which all her writings without exception inculcated, has a personal reference to us all; and the comparisons it suggests are perhaps the more personal internally, because we have to make them for ourselves. The world likes to have its conscience made comfortable; and the writer who does not write in accordance with that liking will never be widely popular. You may put in as much of the heroic as you like, so long as it is of the volunteer kind and external to ordinary experience; but, within the range of everyday life and duties, the general public resents a higher model than its own—not through conscious aversion to it, for that would indicate a moral tone lower than the average, but because it is a puzzle, an annoyance, a disturber of self-satisfaction.—E. H. D.]

for the great end—death, which is so seldom out of my thoughts!

* * * * *

Oh that I may find life! for truly I have fear of eternal death! Employment, duty, effort; these alone often make life bearable. I cannot endure to do nothing.

* * * * *

One reason why * * and I never agree in our admiration of works of fiction is that she regards them solely as works of art, while I look upon them as works of nature also, as pictures of the author's mind, as the out-pouring of his best feelings. She would say, "Why then write them in the form of a novel?" Fortunately she does not know how glad one is to clothe imaginary characters with one's own ill-fitting raiment, and put words into their mouths which we shrink from uttering ourselves—to embody by the help of a story floating thoughts that are too fleeting to be caught in any other way.

* * * * *

I am afraid that bodily health, and the increased strength I seem to have acquired latterly, does not agree with me so well as the comparative state of invalidism which made me vegetate through my real youth. It has caused more longing for happiness. With greater powers, I crave for more per-

fect enjoyment. All is too vivid, as if a veil had been taken off.

* * * * *

July 5, *Seamore Place.*—Our parties and dinners went off well. I am glad to have had such pretty young people dancing in this old house, for I felt that those I loved best would approve of my endeavours to promote sociability in a simple unostentatious manner, and to give young people the opportunity of meeting pleasantly without keeping up their coachmen or servants all night, or ruining their own health by late hours, or indulging in immoderate gaiety. For I think that dancing all night is real dissipation, that there is the same want of moderation in it which causes drunkenness, over-smoking, gambling, and many other vices, and therefore it is wrong. I feel that I could not have knelt down and prayed so earnestly that God would prosper my efforts, if I had given balls which began at eleven o'clock at night.

* * * * *

Sunday.—I ought to be always breathing the prayer contained in the Psalm of to-day, cxix, *v.* 16, "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness." What a variety of covetousnesses there are! At different periods of our lives we are inclined to different varieties of covetousness. I began and now end by coveting affection or love.

As life grew on I was first covetous of fame, then of other things. These have in a great measure passed away, and left only a painful longing for affection. Oh! that I could turn all these energetic and passionate longings into love of God, and satisfaction in Him and his caring for me!

* * * *

As we advance in life, time flies so fast that it seems composed of nothing but Mondays. During the season in London, perpetual tumult and bustle, scarcely possible to gain a quiet half-hour, and then the rest of the time moving about from one country house to another. Delightful for the moment, but impressing upon one the perpetual change of all things—the perpetual passing away. For me life now consists in cheerful goodbyes—(except with regard to dearest Pysie, who I trust will never say any but the long "goodbye" to me at my last hour.) "Goodbye," say relations and friends who come to us in London, "goodbye" say relations and friends whose hospitable homes we leave. "May you be happy, may you enjoy yourself wherever you go." And so we pass on.

* * * *

I ought to be grateful for the success of my book, "The Reigning Beauty," particularly that it should be found interesting, since I have followed nature, instead of proceeding on the supposed prin-

ciples of art, and given equal interest to two persons on the same side, both good, and it is all light—no shadow, no bad character. The interest is not produced by any of the usual rules for fiction.

* * * *

The most agreeable persons are certainly those who have the greatest faith in the goodness of others, as the best physicians believe in good health. By appealing to the best feelings of those with whom we converse, by giving them credit for good qualities, we can often call these qualities and these good feelings into play.

* * * *

To-day we drove over to Strathfieldsaye, which had once belonged to Lord Rivers, before it was bought for the great Duke of Wellington. As I walked through the rooms where I had so often played as a child, visions of those long dead and gone came before my mind's eye, in that princely residence of their race. I seemed to converse with the Pitts and Greys of bygone times, and listen to the adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh, and hear the rustle of the old Duchess of Dorset's starched ruff; gaze on the Queen of Bohemia's melancholy countenance, as I used to do on her picture when I was a child, and shed tears over her sad fate. All the well-remembered portraits have passed out of

the family for ever, in the same manner that the old residences have gone—Kingston, Encombe, Strathfieldsaye, and Sudeley Castle. One well-remembered relic of the old days I still possess, the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, painted by Marc Gerard, that came from Kingston House in Dorsetshire, after the death of my Aunt Pitt. I also still possess (left me by her will) a jewel for the hair, composed of many coloured stones, like a large oblong broach, and a square piece of lace for the bodice, both of which are said to have belonged to Lady Jane Grey.

* * * *

I was startled and grieved to-day by hearing of the death of the dear good Duchess of Cleveland. It is only three months ago since we enjoyed a most agreeable visit at Raby. The loss of so right-minded and charming a person from a position of such extended influence is very great. She was nearly the last of the "ladies,"—I mean of the old highbred type. The race is fast becoming extinct, and there is nothing to replace them. How glad I am that we went to Raby, and that I passed those pleasant hours with her alone in her little private boudoir, and saw the self-denying spirit which sustained her through the evenings in the full drawing-room, where she remained the last (though suffering much), amusing, or putting at their ease country

neighbours, and making her cheering influence felt in every part of it, among the high and low components of the large party. It was not the kind of life she most liked, and, I believe, never had been, even in the days of her better health; therefore she had all the more merit in playing her large part so well.

CHAPTER XVII.

REPLY TO A SCEPTIC—THE LONGING FOR COMPANIONSHIP.

NOTHING, except the fact that this world is a place of trial can explain the otherwise inexplicable confusion of right and wrong which prosperity and adversity present. Faith, which gives the certainty of future happiness, if we fulfil the conditions required, puts everything in harmony. Otherwise all is chaos—nay, worse, it is a chaos out of which nothing but increased disorder can come. No one who loves much can endure the thought of eternal separation from the loved object; nor indeed (though in a lesser degree) from anyone of those they love on earth; so that, apart from supernatural motives, no one who has any natural love for any human being can rest satisfied with scepticism. All willing and permanent sceptics are deficient in depth of feeling. I have never known one that was not, though it is not uncommon to find them apparently the reverse.

They are therefore such bad specimens of the human race that their opinions are worth nothing on any moral question whatever, to say nothing of religion; for intellect without feeling is like a room into which the sun never enters—unhealthy and dangerous.

These thoughts have occurred to me in consequence of a letter from Mr. ——, giving reasons for his belief in the unbelieveableness of everything except the wisdom of those who think like himself. The grand result of his arguments appears to be that "no man is responsible for his opinions" (faith and opinion seem to mean the same thing in his mind) and that belief is in its nature rational, not sensational."

"Not responsible for his opinions?" How then can he be said to exercise any intellectual power—any moral control over his own mind? His judgment must be regulated by Fate, which has no meaning without a Creator, or by Chance, which would be a kind of hap-hazard Fate. But people are universally held responsible for their actions, and actions take their character from opinions. Would Mr. —— say that we ought not to punish malefactors? Yet, if they have no control over the opinions which make them commit crimes, they are not free agents, and ought no more to be punished than a man who shoots another by accident; for there is no more will in the one case than in the other.

To suppose that God, the perfection of justice, mercy, and wisdom, could cause people to suffer for doing what he inexorably compels them to do, is so manifestly absurd that it is tantamount to saying "There is no God."

"Belief is, in its nature, rational, not sensational." Be it so; but, in my ignorance I should have thought that the senses have a good deal to do with belief of all kinds—for instance, how could the Disciples have believed in our Lord, if they had not seen and heard Him? Or, how could we believe in the Battle of Agincourt, if the fact had not been handed down to us on the word of people who knew it as much through their senses as with their intelligence? But suppose that it were purely rational, as if we had no bodies. What then? It would not prove that we have no control over the formation of that belief; for we can use our reason either ill or well, with or without care, or with or without a foregone conclusion—the smallest amouut of self-knowledge tells us that. Poor C—— has ended apparently where I began; but what made me miserable seems to fill him with a sort of cold satisfaction. In childhood I disbelieved—I had no faith in the religion I was taught, though I had the strongest possible desire to believe in it. The great object

of my life has been to obtain Faith*—the great object of his to shut it out.

December 2nd, 1858. *Thursday.*—It must be some strange delusion of an evil spirit which makes me imagine there can be no happiness in this world or the next, unless my wishes are fulfilled in one particular. Yet so it is. The moment I fancy one thing is likely to happen, then the whole universe—the past, present, and future—becomes tinged with the glowing hues of hope and joy! Then I have Faith and Hope.

December 13.—A beautiful journey here. The young moon, this morning, shone through our windows. I felt too much to think when I saw it. All beautiful things in nature appear to intensify one's longing for the sympathy of one person, and it seemed to me afterwards as if my intense longing was far beyond a wish—as if I could hardly presume to wish it!

Seamore Place. January. Friday.—I told Mr. Dering to-day that he could not have such a bad opinion of the world as he imagines he has, because

* As what they proposed to her belief was not the one true Faith, and she never could persuade herself to believe in a counterfeit of any thing, there could be but one result of these conscientious attempts, viz., unsatisfied longings and self-reproach without any apparent escape. All this melted away, of course, in an instant before the reality, like night shadows before the sun.—E. H. D.

his standard is so high. One must have a considerable faith in possible goodness to have an exalted standard, and to have passed through great trials with an undiminished wish for excellence.

* * * *

C—— is writing an Essay on Modern Literature. He is a worshipper of Modern Science and Positive Philosophy. Poor inexperienced unthinker! How soon a blight, like the potatoe disease, may come, and overgrow, with its mysterious fungus, the budding tree which he imagines is to grow and flourish as long as the world lasts! He disbelieves the account of the Scriptural Babel, and therefore cannot see that the greatest of human discoveries may be lost—that the law of "So far shalt thou go and no farther," which keeps this planet in its place, may at any moment arrest the course of human invention, and disperse the vain hope of perfection to be attained in this chaotic world-ball.

* * * *

Tuesday, March 15.—I have just finished reading Stuart Mill's "Liberty." It is altogether the most thoroughly temporal book I ever met with. There is not so much as a trace of natural religion in any part of it—not a gleam of hope, not a hint of even an involuntary desire for anything beyond

this world. His meaning is unmistakeably clear—cut out with a chisel. I was conscious of a power acting upon, but not influencing, me—a kind of mechanical power, able to hurt and weary, but not persuade. It made me feel as if I were chained down in the dark centre of the earth, and bruised between two enormous mill-stones.

Yet, after all this grinding, I felt lighter, larger in mind, more expansive than before. My mind seemed to bound upwards from beneath the hard miry mass like a bird that had escaped from a bird-catcher.

Maurice,* the distinguished author, is coming to dine here to-day.

* * * *

[He was a large-hearted man, whose intellectual powers were never fully appreciated, owing to an apparent mistiness of thought, which puzzled his admirers and frightened steady-going Protestants, yet was too clearly reverent in its tone to harmonize with the all-questioning instincts of the advanced school. As far as I know, he never had the slightest inclination to be a Catholic; nor did I ever hear from himself, or others, or gather from what writings of his I have read, that such an idea had ever crossed his mind as even possible

* Frederic Denison Maurice, Author of "Essays on Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries," and other works.

under any conceivable hypothesis; yet I know that his Theological Essays, and other works, gave the first Catholic bias to the mind of at least one subsequent convert, by an inference invisible to his own. In them he proved the Unity of the Church of God from the Creation to the time of St. Irenæus; and the reader to whom I refer was unable to see how that unity, after it had lasted so long, and had been confirmed by our Lord when He founded His Church on the Rock of Peter, could have broken up like a Club whose members have quarrelled. He was of the Broad Church school; but from what I could read of his character in his writings and in himself, my own strong impression is that this was the result of finding no room for his big heart within the bounds of the Establishment, while seeing only a wall beyond; and if, as I have always heard, he was brought up in Unitarianism, his religious tone of mind must be measured by its growth, not by the distance reached. I never heard him say an uncharitable word about any one, and his humility appeared to be habitual and interior. Speaking one day, for instance, of eternal punishment, which he had been accused of denying, he said to a lady, who just now reminded me of the circumstance, "I can perfectly understand and believe it as regards myself, but I dare not apply it to individuals, or bodies of people."

Here one reads the man and his position—the Christian instinct of severe self-judgment, and the impeded progress of a Soul anxiously groping in the dark.—E. H. D.]

Sunday, March 27th—The longer I live the more convinced I am that the one source of happiness belonging to this world is to love and be loved by one who is worthy to call forth our best feelings, and to gratify a high standard of human excellence.

* * * *

April 7th.—A lovely Spring day. All nature seems to rejoice with me. I have for some time past found one who truly realizes the high standard of goodness which I had formed, and now I know that he cares for me. We passed the afternoon in Seamore Place Gardens, the birds were singing so sweetly—the fresh young buds peeping out of little brown pods, yielded such a pleasant fragrance that I could not help feeling that all nature with her inarticulate voice spoke to me of hope and joy, and moreover of a far beyond unending joy—of which the brightest hours in this world are a faint symbol.

END OF THE DIARY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR MARRIAGE ON JUNE 1st, 1859.

A FEW months later, I had the happiness of being her husband. I was utterly unworthy of her—no one is so well aware of that as myself; yet I have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that there never was, never could be a happier marriage.

The happiness of married life is essentially objective, and therefore opposed to introspection; but without introspection a Diary is impossible. Her Diary was not resumed.

The reader will pardon me if, in the course of this Memoir, I am sometimes obliged to speak of myself. I cannot help it, for my life and hers were one; but I will do so as seldom and as briefly as possible, not only for the reader's sake, but for my own. It must be evident that I had rather speak of her than of myself.

The day of our marriage was the most deeply

important as well as the happiest of my life, for it marks the time when, through her influence, I began to entertain the idea that it might be possible to become a Catholic. Of course she was as unconscious of influencing me in that direction as I was of being so influenced at that time; but it is a fact nevertheless that she did: it is a fact that I owe my conversion to her. The tone of her mind, the habits of her life, the motions of her will, were essentially Catholic. They had an imperceptible, permeating influence that neither disturbed the mind nor puzzled the conscience of either. I took in what they suggested as we learn our native language—unconsciously, without hindrance, and when I became aware of having done so, difficulties were already solved by conviction.

As I said at the beginning, this is not a biography, but a memorial sketch; and if in the foregoing pages I may seem to have forgotten the limits I had laid down for myself, the apparent transgression was unavoidable, unless I had decided on not making use of the Diary—a course I could not take, because I felt that what is written in the private diary of one who has passed from this world, leaving a void that can never be filled, has a special interest, and, as it were, a living character of its own

which no other hand can supply. In what follows, the reader will find nothing that does not directly tend to the exclusive object I have had in view throughout.

It is a common opinion founded on much experience, that happiness diverts our attention from God and our own soul by attracting it to the contemplation of present enjoyment—but surely this requires distinction. If happiness be understood to mean nothing more than a sense of satisfaction in the fulfilment of present desires, there is no denying that it directly influences us to concentrate our interests on present things and shrink from what is suggestive of their coming to an end; but if we take it in a higher meaning, if we take it to mean that sense of perfect oneness in marriage which makes each to be the objective part of the other, its result is very different. It is comparatively perfect, and therefore comparatively imperfect: its one requirement is permanence, but permanence in this world is limited, or at the most conterminous with our life. Does not comparative perfection suggest the idea of that which will satisfy absolutely and for ever? Surely it is calculated to do so. Misery may be liable to recklessness, worldly prosperity to materialism and self-satisfaction; but true happiness, if there be no impediment in the way,

is a help—almost a guide, to the One True Faith. It certainly helped me into the church (I wish it were possible to avoid speaking of myself), and she who was the cause of my happiness gave the clue that brought me through the labyrinth. I simply followed at a distance the example she gave. Her example taught me three principles that ruled her life. She always sought to know the Will of God and do it: she always tried to see everything exactly as it was, without reference to her own wishes; she never turned aside from a difficulty, however easily avoided. By acting on these three principles habitually, she guided my aspirations and trained my will, thus arming me against the two sophistries—the sophistry of the mind and the sophistry of the heart, through which one has to pass in finding one's way gradually out of Protestantism. I saw my way more clearly long before I was received into the church—how long I cannot exactly say, for the truth became apparent sooner than the duty of submission, but certainly as long as was at all safe. I waited as long as my conscience would allow. I waited for her who had led me to the threshold of the church and could not see her way to enter. Perhaps I ought not to have waited so long; yet I think that I could not have acted

otherwise, according to my knowledge and the circumstances of the case. I knew not then that the time when Almighty God would give her the light of Faith was yet distant, and it was almost impossible for me to realize the idea of taking a separate course of action. We had always had, as it were, one soul. I now had to face the fact that I must rend that soul in two.

If I say that, when I had been received into the Church (in 1865) I was like a man who, from a sheltered harbour, sees all he loves in this world exposed to a raging tempest and unable to cross the bar at the entrance, the comparison will be very incomplete, but it will be the nearest I can give. There was a bar that neither of us could cross. Almighty God had chosen His own time, and that time as yet was not. He had chosen His own way, and His ways are not our ways.

Ten years passed in this manner—years of trial and suffering that are impossible to realize without having experienced them. What it cost to maintain the relative position which conscience had compelled us to choose, and which neither could have changed at that time without sin, no one in this world but ourselves could really know. One consolation I had, and she had not. Her wonderful

goodness, conscienciousness and patience during that prolonged and terrible trial made me see some rays of light through darkness, but she had no such comfort. She had habitually a low opinion of herself, and her aspirations were now above the actual dictates of her conscience. In fact she was sacrificing her happiness to a sense of duty, that did not even satisfy the conscience at whose dictates the sacrifice was made. Her conscience demanded the sacrifice, but required something—something more as it then seemed to her, something else in reality. I, of course, had not that particular trial; but, on the other hand, I knew what she suffered, I could see that her health was being injured, perhaps her life shortened, and the fact was continually before me that the course of action which her influence first, and my own conscience afterwards, had led me to follow, produced all the misery. Besides this, my own conversion was the cause of a special difficulty to her—the fear of being influenced by a human motive. It was this that really held her back, shackled her conscience, made her misunderstand her own tendencies, barred out the approaches of conviction. It was the one real difficulty; it gave to the others an importance they did not in themselves possess; it broke the unity of intention that had made our two souls as one; it brought sorrow and anxiety where hitherto there had been nothing but unalloyed

happiness; it was, at least, a remote danger to a life that was dearer to me than any life existing or possible in the world. I knew this, I knew that I was the cause of it; and the trial would have been intolerable if she had been anyone else; but her desire to know the Will of God, and do it, which had always been the key-note in the harmony of her character, was a note so strongly marked that I could not, I suppose, really lose hope, though at times it was so faint that it did little more than register its own weakness.

It was the Bishop of Birmingham who taught me to hope reasonably, and gave me solid grounds for doing so. He read her character through at once, understood her difficulties, saw her honesty of purpose, her high aspirations, her desire to do the Will of God. Whenever I mentioned the subject to him, his invariable direction was, "Don't hurry her." From the first she had the utmost confidence in the Bishop. She consulted him about her difficulties as long ago as 1868, and continued to do so, from time to time, till they ceased to be.

I have been obliged to epitomize the course of events beforehand, in order to throw light on the unity of the cause that produced them—I mean the personal character that made them its own. Having done so, I revert to the time of our marriage, June 1, 1859.

We passed the first week at Woolston Hall in Essex, lent to us by its kind and interesting owner, Miss Bodle, whose ancestors were verderers of Hainault Forest, in the days when the King shot deer there with a crossbow. The rest of that Season we spent in London, in the old house, 5 Seamore Place, May Fair, where, among the many invaluable lessons that I learned then and afterwards from her words and example, there was one which example seldom gives us a chance of learning—I mean the duties of Society viewed from a Christian standpoint. I saw how a cultivated amiability and graceful tact, spontaneous under conditions that seldom fail to deteriorate the one and extinguish the other, could, as it were, clear the way for the presence of higher principles, implied rather than expressed, and cause them to be received without conscious resentment where they certainly would not have been welcome on their own merits. She enjoyed society with the freshness of a childlike soul, the simplicity of a pure heart, the discernment of an acute and cultivated mind. Possessing in an exceptional degree those qualities which the world recognises as greater than its own in its own sphere, she never applied them to the attainment of any success which the world rewards.

I have known many people who, more or less deservedly, had the reputation of being unworldly—

some who, with little or no right to that attribute, obtained or assumed it, and not a few who practised the virtue without acquiring the reputation; but I have never known one who, endowed with all the gifts by which the world may be won, and the heart naturally laid open to the world's fascination, was so entirely, so habitually, so systematically not of the world. Had she willed to make society an object of competitive ambition, the result would not have been doubtful; for she had all the qualities, which, in combination, give the power of acquiring ascendancy over human beings. Those qualities are essentially the same, whatever be the circumstances that called them into action; but they vary in degree, and therefore in the results which they are capable of producing. Without them you can no more manage a child than you can rule unruly millions; but what will suffice for the one will not suffice for the other. Were I to say how highly they were developed in her—how wisely, and on how wide a stage I know her to have been capable of exercising them if opportunity and her own will had combined, I should appear to exaggerate.

I have no inclination to exaggerate. I am aware that beauty of character, as of form, consists in proportion, which the slightest excess will destroy; and moreover I have, in the course of this work,

had many an inward struggle between my desire to tell the truth as I knew it to be, and my fear of seeming to colour it by words or inferences. But I have undertaken to describe her character and powers truly, which it is impossible to do without showing what she was capable of, as well as what she actually did—for what we do is, to a great extent, dependent on occasion, and on conscience too, if we happen to have one—and therefore I could not imitate a certain sculptor, who, when taking her bust, deliberately spoiled the likeness by diminishing considerably the breadth of the brow, because, as he said, it "looked too strongly intellectual for a woman."

We passed the next season also in Seamore Place. As before, I enjoyed it with the freshness of a child that has found a congenial playmate, and wants nothing. Looking back through the mists that gather round each pictured memory as it recedes from the immediate past, figures of the dead rise up before me, increasing as I try to count them; but so capriciously does the mind's eye retain its impressions, that Thackeray, with whom I had but the very slightest acquaintance, is among the most vividly defined of all. I can see his well known spectacles towering above the uncrowded hundreds at Lansdowne House, as plainly as if we were both of us there at this moment.

The year after (1861) we remained all the summer at Finchden, a very picturesque old black and white house belonging to us in the Weald of Kent. The Diary, as I have said, was not continued. I might of course write the substance of the continuation myself: it would be a labour of love, in which memory for once would serve me well, and affection supply the place of ability. But after all, it would be a lifeless imitation, a poor supplement, an intrusion of things that had lost their interest.

"The Reigning Beauty" had been published a short time before we were married. The next book, "Memorials of Admiral Lord Gambier," her uncle, came out in 1861. It was written to defend his memory from the unjust attacks which had been brought against him by Lord Dundonald during his absence, disproved before a court-martial, and raked up again after his death by their original author in the "Autobiography of a Seaman." The defence of Lord Gambier was complete, and recognized as such at the time by all fair and competent judges, naval and otherwise. In one of the most noted Periodicals, the Reviewer thought that she must have had a lawyer and a seaman to assist her, which most certainly she had not. The Second Edition came out within a week.

But a calumny that is to be found reproduced here and there in standard histories has more lives than a

cat, especially when the general public has no personal interest in the reputation of its object. "*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit!*" It is noteworthy that the verb is in the future. The interval is often very long, and, without a favourable combination of circumstances, we can do very little to shorten it; but history, sooner or later, does justice to reputations unjustly depressed. At some future time, when all who have any kind of personal interest in the subject shall have long been in their graves, and the progress of time shall have left the question far beyond the range of contemporary history, some historian, desirous of sifting the evidence, and unbiassed by the false lights that mislead contemporary opinion, will fall in with a copy of "The Memorials,"—perhaps in the British Museum, perhaps on an old book-stall; and the evidence to be found there, having no impediment, will do the rest. That evidence is, as I have said, complete, but in the case of an old prejudice there is no substitute for time.

The undertaking itself is eminently characteristic of her; for she wrote the book, not because Lord Gambier was her uncle, but because she hated injustice. I am much tempted to give a short notice of this work, for the purpose of showing how complete is her refutation of the calumny that induced her to write it: but the story

of her life cannot be interrupted without breaking its continuity; and, amid the stirring events of the present time, the reader's interest in Basque Roads would be too languid to make up for the interruption.

We were in Seamore Place again in 1862, and then out of London for six years.

CHAPTER XIX.

PUBLICATION OF "THE HEIRESS AND HER LOVERS"—THE ISLE OF PURBECK—A FEW EXTRACTS FROM "LEONORE" AND "OSWALD OF DEIRA."

THE Memorials of Admiral Lord Gambier were, as already mentioned, written at Finchden, in the Weald of Kent, to which, four years later, my dearest wife made additions, planning and designing, among other things, an immense room. I mention this, because in those additions there was visible proof of that strong common sense and practical adaptiveness of the imagination to limitations, whether unavoidable or otherwise, which characterized all she did.

"The Heiress and her Lovers" was published in 1863. The title was not her own choice, but the publisher's, and she disliked it excessively. The volume of "Leonore and other Poems" was written in the Isle of Purbeck, where we passed a year, drawn there by her affection for a county where she had passed much of her childhood—at Kingston

House, near Dorchester, which was then the property of her uncle, Morton Pitt, and was sold when he unaccountably ruined himself without one extravagant propensity.

We rented Smedmore in the Isle of Purbeck, which was only two miles across the wild downs (nine miles by the carriage-road) from Encombe—another property once belonging to Morton Pitt. Here she sketched the plot of "Grey's Court," and wrote the part called "Lora Grey's Diary." I did the rest. It reached five editions, which, considering its Catholic tone, was hardly to be expected.

Perhaps it was the peculiar picturesqueness of the scenery, at once wild and home-like, that aroused into action some of the poetry within her. Its intensely green meadows, its dark brown cliffs that opened out into romantic bays, with a background of blue sea stretching out to the horizon, its old-fashioned homesteads dotted about in quiet yet boldly shaped valleys enclosed within blue lines of mountain-like hills, are singularly adapted to do so; for they produce a general effect that must be seen to be realized, though, by the by, it by no means follows, either in theory or in practice, that it is always realized when seen. Perhaps that scenery aroused what was dormant, or rather not in action; but I think not. I think it only suggested what

she was ripe to do. Be that as it may, it was there, as I before said, that she wrote "Léonore, Marie de Ganges, and other Poems." They were published in one volume.* The two illustrations in the second edition of "Léonore" are by her niece, Mrs. Ferrers, (then Miss Orpen.) The distinguished amateur, Mr. Ellerton, set to music the following Bridal Song in "Léonore." It is supposed to be the welcome sung by the vassals and minstrels of Anzizans on the arrival of the Count and his bride.

BRIDAL SONG.

WOMEN.

Awake, oh! silver moon—the heaving sea,
With many-pulsèd life, doth wait for thee,
And lifts his crests, and moans thy face to see.

He, ruled in all his motions by thy will,
Can only thus his destiny fulfil;
E'en absent thou dost influence him still.

MEN.

As through a sea-fog's gloom in darksome nigh
The trembling mariner doth strain his sight
To catch the faintest glimmer of thy light.

So have we wāited for thy herald star,
And strained our eyes to see thee rise from far,
And bring us joy for sorrow—peace for war.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Thou risest, and the many-pulsèd sea
Smiles back with thousand eyes thy light to see,
And lifts his crested waves with trembling glee.

* By Macmillan & Co.

FULL CHORUS.

Thou comest—into haven fair we glide
At rest—secure from outward rolling tide,
Our moon, our guide art thou, oh, welcome bride!

I will quote a few lines from "Marie de Ganges."

Though fair the morning star,
When from afar
It sang of joy to new created earth,
More bright the Orient gem,
The Star of Bethlehem
That shone upon a world of sorrowing dearth.

The corn is ground for food—
The precious sandal wood
Gives sweetest odours 'neath the cruel blow;
And thus the human soul
In sorrow learns control,
And riseth by the stroke that laid her low.

And all life's varied ill,
Though 'gainst the holy will
Of God Creator, it on earth appears,
Is turned by Him to good,
And made to serve as food,
For growth of virtue, through its mortal years.

By darkness know we light,
By wrong the right,
And labour has its Rest eternally;
And thus immortal Love
Doth brood all ills above,
Transmuting them to seraph harmony.

And after toil is balm,
  And after storm is calm,
And when the night has passed in gloom away,
  Will rise for evermore,
  On Heaven's eternal shore,
The never ending and unclouded day.

Her next poem was "Oswald of Deira."* The subject was partly suggested by the fact of St. Oswald being my direct ancestor. I had not intended to notice her books, or rather, I had intended not to do so; and, as regarded novels, it was of course easy enough to adhere to that resolution, because one cannot notice them without going into the plot, which would take up more space than I have at command; but I really cannot help extracting a few passages from her poems; for I am pourtraying her, and they help to show what she was—what she was growing to be. The poem is so evenly written that I have great difficulty in picking out the few passages I have room for.

Dr. Newman said, in a letter of September 25, 1867:

"I was very glad to see the Review of 'Oswald of Deira' in the *Tablet*. It is full of beautiful thoughts."

The following lines represent Hermengarde—

* Published by Longmans.

the Queen-Mother of the King of Wessex, while yet a Pagan, describing a kind of waking dream, in which she sees Winchester Cathedral, afterwards built over the ruins of the old Palace of the Saxon Kings :—

> And yet I try to banish care, and trust
> In Wodin, or—ha! there it is again,
> The sign that Alfred loved, the sacred sign
> He wore upon his breast. It ever comes—
> It comes between, or rather takes the place
> Of Wodin's image when I try to pray.
> Now as I gaze, it brighted grows, and seems
> With gems to glisten, and aloft is raised
> Above an altar bright with many lights,*
> And round it rises slow a temple vast.
> Here it has risen—here, just where we stand;
> Its arches, like o'ershadowing forest glades,
> Meet high above; their branching arms and leaves
> Are white as if of stone; and windows closed
> With many jewels, like the dappled sky
> Of Autumn sunsets, glow above the fane
> Where shines the Symbol. Kneeling crowds appear,
> And priests with robes of crimson, gold and white
> Before it bow. Oh! sees't thou not, my child?

At page 29, there are some lines that exactly represent the intense desire for the highest good which actuated her all her life, and found its only exponent in the one True Church.

* Above the High Altar in Winchester Cathedral is seen the mark in the stone where the massive silver crucifix once stood.

Some moments seem to do the work of years,
To mark the impress of a century
On human-minds and hearts—so, full are they
Of life intensified—of love divine,
Of all those essences of good required
To mould and perfect never-dying souls.
Yet are they oftentimes but the result
Of time and patience—sorrows over-lived,
Self-discipline, and hope, and charity,
And daily should we seek to garner them,
To cull the truly beautiful and good,
In other men, and in ourselves. Who knows
How many half-unconscious acts and thoughts,
The overcoming of some pet desire,
The vanquishing of some small faults may give
Such life to the expression of a face,
That e'en the worst of sinners, looking on't,
Will feel not only shame but penitence,
And hate the conscious discord in his heart,
Which jars against that perfect harmony.
And evermore will dwell with silent charm
Within his breast, the memory of that face,
An evidence of better things to come—
E'en as some vision, pure and beautiful,
Tending, perchance, long afterwards to prove
That there exists a God, who loved as well,
And who created us for hope.

The following lines describe her mind, partly as it was at the time, partly by anticipation:—

At first, and for a while, I found it hard
To fill the unseen avenues of faith
With unreserved consent; but, by degrees,
An evergrowing hope and consciousness

Of full belief possessed me; then I felt
(What erst I had conjectured) that, in fact,
The mysteries of evil—inborn sin,
And sufferings entailed—can only find
Solution in *that* Faith. I rested thus
Quite peacefully, until the Evil One,
Who never rests, but watches unperceived,
And ever seeks an unprotected spot
Along the winding frontiers of the mind,
Through which he creeps disguised into the heart,
And taints the conscience, raised a spectral form
Of self-distrust and insufficiency
In fancied tests in Faith. I shrank with dread
From closer contact with the mystery.
I feared the real presence of the Cross—
The nearer sight of Jesus crucified.
I readily could comprehend—admire,
And look upon with grateful awe and love
The notion of a voluntary death,
T' atone to God for man's transgressions vile.
The distant form I could revere right well,
And even learned with humble reverence
And trust to bow before the sacred sign,
The instrument of sufferings entailed
By mine own sin upon a God of Love.
But when still more advanced in faith I learnt
To view in it a bar—the awful bar
That crossed the line of our most proud intent—
The stop ordained by God, upon our love
Of lore, of progress, and discovery,
The Cross—the Cross alone I learnt to love,
In all its meanings clear. For this I prayed,
And felt the answer ringing through my soul
In harmonies of peace, distinct and clear,
As audible response.

I cannot resist quoting some charming lines at page 103, spoken by the Dwarf, or Jester, of King Cynegils.

Greater far than Wodin bold,
Than the Giant men of old,
Was the God who taught all good,
And then died upon the Rood.

CADWALLON.

Nay, silly fool; how didst thou learn all this?

JESTER.

Fairies whisper this to me
When I sleep beneath the tree;
Flowers, birds and stars tell this,
Pointing to unending bliss;
And they bid us seek for rest,
Striving here to do our best.

Birds and stars, and flowers say,
All night long and every day,
In their blissful tones and looks
More than can be learned by books;
They disclose a better part
Than can e'er be learned by art;
And with harmony they teach
More than any mortal speech.
On the breezes blessings come
From a far off happy home—
Dreams of flowers, and odours sweet,
Dreams of sounds melodious, greet
All my senses with delight
As I climb the topmost height.
There to beauty I am nigh,
There the rainbow spans the sky,

Spans the tangled waterfall
Where the murmuring echoes fall;
Regions thence I see of light,
Golden cloudlands, dazzling bright,
And on wingèd zephyrs ride
In the purple eventide.

Happiness without an end,
Mother's prayers the fool doth send—
Mother's prayers when I was born,
All amid this great world's scorn,
'Mid the laughter of mankind;
She who taught me to be kind,
Bade me seek the brightest side
Of all men and things—to bide
With all good—from cuffs to hide,
Patiently to take a blow,
Hopefully to live below.

Come, oh King! I'll show thee now,
If thy heart and head thou'lt bow,
And with me wilt lowly creep
Where the willow branches weep,
Underneath the sheaves of corn,
There abide 'till dawns the morn.
Come! Ah, no! thou shaks't thy head,
Far too wise to be thus led
By a little crooked fool
Thou who wouldst all Anglia rule.

* * * * *

Neither couldst thou pass a day
With a dwarf and fool at play.
Nor the perfumed breezes catch
Which our brightest wishes hatch;

Neither canst thou see the sights
God doth show to poorest wights—
Sights bestowed on dwarfs and fools,
Not where proud ambition rules;
Thoughts which lead us to the sky,
Wishes aye to dwell on high,
'Mid all good and holy scenes,
Where we see what this world means—
See the goal, the solemn end,
Whither human efforts tend.

CHAPTER XX.

HER NIECE'S MARRIAGE—REMOVAL TO WARWICKSHIRE—LETTER ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION FROM THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

IN 1867 we moved into Warwickshire in consequence of Miss Orpen's marriage with Marmion Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton. My dearest wife published another novel, called "Country Coteries" in 1868,—a name, by the by, little less distasteful to her than that of the "Heiress and her Lovers:" but one cannot always have one's own way in naming a book.

We rented Wootton Hall for that year, where our Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, visited us for the first time, in August 1868. She asked him some questions, about this time, touching the "Immaculate Conception," either verbally while he was with us, or in a letter—I forget which, and he wrote as follows:—

"August, 1868.

"Dear Lady Chatterton,

"Since I received your letter, for which I thank

you, I have been incessantly engaged, which fact I offer as an apology for the long delay in replying to it. Let me first thank you for the copy of Richter. I read it in the railway-train, as well as the translation from Plato. The Plato has the flavour of that wise and sweet thinker, but Richter is more new to me, and what you have extracted is quite charming. The thought so keen yet delicate, and the big heart mantling over the mental light. It is a casket of gems, and the rolling tumbling German words have formed themselves into such good smooth English.

"Let me now turn to your questions on the Blessed Virgin. I think they are reducible to the following points:

1° "'The Immaculate Conception *appears* to do away with the necessity of the atonement in one case, therefore in all as a logical consequence.'

"This, however, as you know, is only an *appearance* to those who misconceive the Catholic doctrine; and if the Church were to withhold her truths because of the world's misconception of them, she would have very little truth left. It is not the Catholic doctrine that 'One was created sinless,' but that Her body was generated as other bodies are, imbibing the same disorder perhaps, for the Church touches not that point; but that Her soul when infused into the body was *preserved*, in *view of Christ's*

'merits to come, from being involved in any contagion of disorder contracted through the body. Thus, as the Saints of the Old Testament were saved through the merits of Christ to come, so she obtained a more perfect Salvation through Christ. 'For His Sake' and 'for His Honour,' to use St. Augustine's words, she was preserved from having her soul involved in original sin. This fact and doctrine is as a luminous point in theology, which throws a great light upon the whole question of the nature of original sin, as well as upon the whole of the doctrines related to the mystery of our redemption.

"The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception always flourished so vigorously in the East and was held to be such a beautiful illumination of many divine truths, that the Greek Schismatic Church considered it a reproach to us of the West, that what they had always held to be a doctrine of faith we only now have declared to be such, although virtually, even in the Western Church, the point had been settled for some three hundred years before the formal declaration of it. All that has been done in this matter of late has been to accord the formularies of the Church with her practical teaching on the subject.

"There can be no doubt but that the definition will help materially towards conciliating the Eastern Schism with the Western Church whenever the hour

of God's providence comes. To the faithful within the Church, I can witness that in a time of difficulty the definition gave a great consolation. Its influence upon those without the Church can only be manifested in the course of time, when it comes to be fairly understood and theologically appreciated. Certainly the Church herself has been rising, and strengthening, and expanding in a remarkable way since the definition; and that was anticipated. For God's ways are not our ways, nor His judgments our judgments, nor are the workings of supernatural light as the workings of reason.

"A simple Faith is something so large and free, that it takes in all God's teaching through His Church with an equal facility, and finds in it an endless illumination. Whereas the process of putting reason before Faith, after its general evidence has been mastered, instead of employing reason in religion as the logic of Faith is sure to lead to a desolating scepticism. Prayer, by which we humbly subject our hearts and intelligence to God and to His communicated Truth is the true aid to Faith; and not that reasoning process which naturally leads us to measure God's minds and works by our own. Reasoning is an admirable instrument for drawing out what is contained in the body of Truth conveyed by Faith, and as such it has built up the

luminous structure of Catholic Theology. But the body of light contained in humble and simple Faith, precedes.

"2° You ask: 'How can it add to the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, since her merit would have been greater if, born in sin, she had lived without sinning or being liable to err?'

"It adds to her veneration that she has been the object of a grace and of a redemption incomparably greater than that of any other mortal. For the true basis of veneration in any creature is the force and splendour of God's gifts in that creature. What we venerate is not what is human, but what is of God's Divine gifts. Thus John the Baptist, whose festival we this day celebrate, received the exceptional gift and grace of being sanctified in his mother's womb before he saw the light, and on him the Lord pronounced an exceptional eulogy, that he was 'a burning and shining light;' and no one greater had been born of a woman than he. The Predecessor has a part of the prerogative of the Mother of our Lord. All this hangs together, and throws great light on the grandeur of the Incarnation. It all goes to exalt the Son of God and Son of Mary by His holy surroundings. It leaves not the Incarnation as an isolated fact, but shows

that the Saviour of the world acted as a great Monarch, giving special honours and prerogatives to those who stood in intimate relations with him. The God become man acts in analogy with humanity. The Sovereign ennobles the Mother of the Sovereign with a singular nobility of holiness and dignity.

"As to the question of her merits being 'greater had she been born as others were, and still kept free from sin,' we must consider in what merit consists as before God. It consists in the freely conforming ourselves with, and the equalizing ourselves to the Light, Law, and Love of God, through our co-operation with the gifts of His Grace. The greater the grace, and the greater our co-operation with that grace, the fuller and more complete is the merit. Human merit, as of man towards man, is but the result of the one principle of human effort, if we abstract from his Grace as a Christian; but pure Christian merit, merit as towards God, implies two principles, the principle of Divine Grace, and the human effort in working with that Grace, and God is its supreme and dominant object. If we measure the merits of the Blessed Virgin by these principles, which are the true ones, we shall find that her merits are higher in proportion to the greatness and purity of her Grace,

and the greatness of her free co-operation with that Grace. So far as original sin itself is concerned, it is not in itself a subject of personal merit or demerit, it is an inherited defect or disorder, that is removed in the infant through Baptism. Certain consequences however remain, not in themselves sin, but which give rise to future combats, and which, if not opposed and mortified, may become the occasion of sin. To enable us to oppose this feebleness of our nature, we receive the gifts of Faith, Hope, and Charity in our Baptism, which lie in us in the germ until developed by the expansion of our faculties and our training in the Church, as helped by actual grace.

"But merit may be looked at in two directions, as it regards our combat with our weaknesses, and as it regards our co-operation with the light and love of God; and the last is the highest merit, that by which we ascend towards God and live in God.

"If the Blessed Virgin was free from sin, she was not free from mortality, its pains, its trials, and its sorrows; and incomparably greater are the patience, endurance, and fortitude required of one who, by reason of great purity and holiness, sees much more of the nature of evil, and feels much more of the trials of this mortal life, than

of one who has been born in sin, who has lived in sin, and whose spiritual senses are dimmed and deadened to the evils and horrors of sin.

"Our blessed Lord suffered more and merited more in his combats with human nature than all men, precisely because He was sinless, most pure and full of charity. His merits have supplied the grace which is the basis of all merit before God in other men. And this fact I adduce in proof of the principle that sinlessness increases instead of diminishing merit. The Blessed Virgin had great sorrows, and trials, and sufferings from observing sin in other souls, which to her was incomparably greater affliction to bear with by reason of her humility, purity of heart, and charity. And when we measure her higher merits, we must ascend to the co-operation of her free will with that of God, both in the work of the incarnation, in her love of God, and her love of man. She was not sinless through incapability of sinning, for she might, by revolt of her will, have fallen as the angels fell, and as Eve fell; but she was sinless because she greatly co-operated with God's great grace, of which she was full. It would be a sad thing if sin were a condition of merit.

"3° You ask, 'Does not the moral necessity of

invoking the Blessed Virgin imply that an appeal to God is not sufficient?'

"On this subject you rightly state the scripture Doctrine that there is only *One* in whom we may be saved. All our appeals are to God alone, all our salvation is through Jesus Christ, our one and only Saviour. This is the Catholic Truth, and sums up the whole Catholic Truth in its briefest form. Therefore we never pray to any Saints, not even the Blessed Virgin, to help us: if such terms are ever used, they are purely figurative. And though we may say 'Help us,' it is only in this sense—'Join your prayers with ours to the Throne of Mercy.' Intercessory prayer in this case is but prayer to the One great Intercessor, or prayer through that One great Intercesssor, Jesus Christ Himself. Our Blessed Lord has said 'Where two or three of you are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of you.' Plainly intimating that when in humility of heart we do not trust in the force of our own prayers alone, but join our prayers to Him with the prayers of others, our prayer is the stronger, the more humble, and therefore the more efficacious. When God prescribed to the friends of Job the conditions for their forgiveness, He required that they should go to the more innocent Job to offer sacrifice for them. Job's sacrifice was more

precious in His sight than theirs, and so He received their submission with greater readiness when joined with the submission of Job.

"It is a great proof of our humility when, not content with our prayers, we seek to join the prayers of holy souls with our own, and it is a mark of self-sufficiency and pride when we imagine that we want no one's help in obtaining all we want with God. And, though I do not remember the passage in Dr. Newman to which you allude, I imagine that all he meant was, that this nation had suffered in soul from the arrogance of its individual members, in thinking that they had need of no one's help, and that each was enough for himself.

"If St. Paul is frequent in asking the faithful in his epistles to pray for him, and for the success of his ministry, he was humble enough to feel that the 'prayer of the just man availeth much.' Now whether we ask holy souls in Heaven, or holy souls on earth to pray for us, or with us, the principle is the same; and this is all that is involved in the prayers to the Saints, except this further, that the nearer they are to God, the more holy and pleasing to Him, the more their prayers for us will avail in support of our petitions. So also it is with prayers to earthly powers, we get those who are near the Throne to support our petitions.

"This leads me to your fourth question.

"4° 'Is it imperative to implore her aid? And will a judgment follow on those who do not invoke her aid?'

"Belief in the principle of invoking the Saints is an article of the *Apostle's* Creed—*The communion of Saints.* This implies the communication by mutual help, prayer, and good works of all holy persons, whether in earth or in Heaven, in and through Jesus Christ, with Whom they form one mystical body. Common prayer with our fellow-servants on earth is one part of this principle; common prayer with our fellow-servants in Heaven is another part of it. This principle is clearly retained in the Anglican Church in the collect on St. Michael's day.

"The only prayers of the Church that are of obligation, and that for those who are appointed to them, is contained in the Rituals, that is the Missal, the Breviary, and the Rite for administering sacraments. All the rest, the ordinary vernacular prayer-books, are private prayers, drawn up by private individuals for private use, and not stamped with any other authority than such episcopal revision or toleration as implies that there is nothing in them contrary to faith or morals.

"Catholics are free to choose from those private

prayers what they are attracted to for their private and personal devotions. In the veritable books of the church—that is, the Liturgies, the prayers addressed to the Saints are quite limited. In collects on feasts of Saints, we sometimes ask of God through the intercession of the Saint, sometimes ask that we may imitate this or that virtue for which that Saint is conspicuous, but the Collects are direct prayers to God.

"The chief prayers to the Saints, indeed, I may say, almost the only ones in the Liturgy addressed directly to the Saints, are The Litany of the Saints, and The Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The Litany of the Saints is prescribed to be said four times a year, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin not once. But in recent times it has been sung as a matter of choice at the Benediction.

"Thus direct prayer to the Saints is an exercise very much more used in private devotions than in the public Liturgies of the Church. It is therefore a devotion left equally as much to the free choice of individuals. But the more faithful, devout, and humble souls grow in the Church, the more inclined they generally are, in worshipping God, to ask the Saints, and especially the Blessed Virgin, as Queen of Saints, to join their prayers and supplications at the Throne of Grace with their own. I

know that this method of prayer fosters faith, humility and love of sanctity, and that it is a great thing to make friend's with God's friends, and to have their prayers with God. The Apocalypse, which reveals Heaven to us under certain allegories drawn from the rites of the Church on earth, of which Heaven is the transformation, is full of this spirit of the Saints in Heaven, praying for and interesting themselves in the conflicts of God's servants on earth. And the incense from the golden thurible which the angel offers before the golden altar on which stands "the Lamb that was slain," and the odours from the phials of the white-robed elders, are 'The prayers of the Saints.'

"I have explained your questions as far as a letter will allow, and now, dear friend, pray, and ask the Saints to pray, that you may receive from our Blessed Lord the full gift of a pure, perfect, and simple Faith, that 'you may be able to comprehend with all the Saints what is the length, and breadth, and height, and depth' of God's Holy council, and the fulness of His revelation to them that believe; and to know also His Eternal Charity passing all understanding, and I pray God to bless and sanctify you.

"I remain, dear Lady Chatterton,

"Your faithful servant in Christ

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

She was deeply impressed by the foregoing letter itself, but the light between her and it was as yet dim and broken. Seven more years passed. Her soul seemed to expand with the pressure of her prolonged trial, the tone of her mind grew even more Catholic than it had been before; still there was no advance, or at least no apparent advance towards the conviction. At times, when the Bishop honoured us with a visit, a few words from him (which were never said except in answer to a direct question) appeared to be effective for the time being; but the light, without which truth is invisible, was not as yet in her mind. I often felt sick at heart, and knew not where to look for hope. The Bishop took it all as a matter of course, as one who read the whole story and foresaw the result. His invariable answer to me was, "Don't hurry her."

During those years anxiety permeated my happiness, but did not mingle with it. Both were distinct then, both remain distinct in my memory.

In March, 1869, while we were at Malvern Wells, an event occurred which the reader will of course take for what he may think it worth; but which I cannot see my way to explain as a coincidence. She had a great regard for Father Hewitt, O.S.B., and he had always shown a very marked sympathy for her in her difficulties. One afternoon she said: "I am sure that dear Father Hewitt is dead. I saw him

just now when I was upstairs, as clearly as possible, dressed in the Benedictine habit, only it was of dazzling whiteness. He seemed high above me in the air, and he looked at me. I knew then that he was dead." It was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

The next morning's post brought us the news that he had died at the time when she saw him.

CHAPTER XXI.

REMOVAL TO BADDESLEY CLINTON—PUBLICATION OF "LADY MAY"—THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM'S LETTER ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

IN 1869, we moved into Baddesley Clinton. In that year she brought out "Lady May," a Pastoral Poem, opening with

"A homely valley in a Midland shire,
Before my grateful memory doth rise—
A scene most English in our land of homes,
A village where the church's Norman tower
Still speaks of steadfast Faith to later times,
And seems with bold and massive strength to guard
The greater glories of a later art
Which pierced those mullioned windows down the nave
In good King Edward's reign."

Dr. Newman wrote:

"The Oratory April 12, 1569.

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"I ought long before this to have thanked you for the present of your beautiful poem ('Lady

May.') I think it the nicest thing you have written. It is so graceful and the lines so musical.

"And there are such poetical ideas in it—as that of the face of the Knight's effigy being a sort of sun-dial.

"Thank you so very much for it, and with my kindest rememberances to Mr. Dering and your niece.

"Believe me to be most siucerely your's,

"J. H. NEWMAN."

He also wrote: "That he preferred this to anything he had seen of her's." The lines he alluded to are as follows:—

"The sun was shining on the highest tower
While yet the ruined cloisters were in shade;
So Nelly knew 'twas early morning still,
Although impatience made her think it late.
For like a sun-dial to her practised eye
Were all the beauteous features of the vale;
The rippling stream, the dark o'erhanging woods,
The dome-like downs, furze-gilded, rising fair.
"And as a child, she knew when it was time,
In summer morns for school, because the knight
In armour lying, on the altar tomb,
Then seemed to smile with joy, as if he felt
The morning sun that slanted o'er his face,
And warmed, as Nelly thought, his hands upraised
In ceaseless prayer. At noon he was in shade,

And then she thought he frowned; for stern and sad
The marble features grew. And when the mists
Of twilight fell, she was almost afraid
Of coming nigh, she fancied that his hands
Moved slowly; and that murmured sentences,
And whispers strange passed through his marble lips."

The passages in the Book which she herself liked the best are those at pages 88 and 89, too long to quote, where the old nurse is watching outside the dying Viscount's room; but the whole poem is exquisitely touching, full of beautiful imagery, and pictorial descriptions.

In 1869 we came to London again for the season, but not to our own old house, which we had let on a long lease five years before. We had done so with much regret—myself especially, for I loved the old house, and all my recollections of it were of unmixed happiness; but she was right, as I always found her. London, especially during the bad climate of its winters, had ceased to be worth the inconvenience; and an inconvenience it is, to have a valuable house on your hands when you can only inhabit it at intervals. Death and the ceaseless progress of change, gradual and rapid as the advance of the ocean on a receding coast-line, made London seem half new, and more than half altered, at the end of those six years. Poor Babbage was dead, and the brass bands that had inflicted so much real suffering on him, as well as loss of most valuable

time, were braying as loud as ever for the delectation of coarse-eared idlers. I remember his telling me one afternoon at Harrington House that he had just paid his lawyer's bill for struggling against that abominable nuisance during the past six months, and that it amounted to more than sixty pounds.

One rememberance leads on to another, and I must not be tempted to follow their direction, or I shall take the reader too far out of the road; but as I have happened to mention Harrington House, in connection with the changes which a few years produce in the list of friends and acquaintances, changes which, as every one knows, are not always the result of death only, I feel impelled to remark that I am writing the life of one to whom, through a long period of years, Lady Harrington was ever true and kind, and who always spoke of her in terms of affectionate friendship.

She wrote two more novels, "The Lost Bride" in 1872, of which a cheap Edition was published in the Standard Library, and "Won at Last" in 1874. Of the latter work Dr. Newman wrote:

"The Oratory, May 26, 1874.

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me your new publication, which I lost no time in reading.

"My first thought upon it was the pleasure it must have been to you to write it. I cannot tell why, but this thought was forced upon me, whether by the succession of incidents or by your style. I saw you also in the knowledge you have of old family houses, and the interest and satisfaction you have in describing them. There is another thing which brought you before me, and that is the earnest desire which it seemed to me you had in writing the book, not only of keeping clear of what is low, vulgar, and rudely sensational yourself, but, if so be, of writing what would suggest a higher standard of thought and conduct, and would, as far as one work could, act as a substitute for at least some portion of the immoral trash which, if reviews speak truly, is the staple of so many of the novels of the day.

"As to the story itself, what pleased me most was the portion of it which lies in India—which has the air of truth about it, and doubtless is what happened or might happen, and is so arresting, yet without exaggeration. But there are touches of nature and of personal knowledge of matters of detail, all through the work. I have to thank you too for your mention of myself.

"With kindest remembrances to your domestic circle,

"I am, most truly yours

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

In 1875, she printed in one volume, for private circulation, some selections from the works of Aristotle which she had translated from the Greek. Dr. Newman to whom she sent a copy, wrote as follows:

"The Oratory, February 28, 1875.

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"Thank you for your translations of Aristotle. They are well selected, clear, and good, and must have involved a good deal of trouble. But it must have been pleasant trouble.

"I fear you must have suffered from this trying season—which is not yet over.

"With my best remembrances to the family circle at Baddesley.

"I am, my dear Lady Chatterton

"Sincerely yours

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

In 1876, she translated "Il conforto dell'anima divota." This was her last work, except what I may call a design for rewriting a story written some years before.

In 1874-5 I could perceive a change in her feelings towards the Church. Her mind began to find repose in the contemplation of it. Her sympathies were attracted. She prayed continually for guidance, and in the month of April, 1874, wrote

a few lines on a scrap of paper which I value more than anything and everything I possess, or might possess in this world. The lines were written in pencil one morning when about to attend the Communion Service in a Protestant church. They are as follows:

> "Keep me steadfast if I'm right,
> If I'm wrong, God give me light,
> Let me feel Thy presence near,
> Give me Faith to banish Fear!"

One of the first—if not the first evidence of the change was her writing a number of letters in the winter of 1874 to ask alms for the Convent. She had always loved and reverenced the Poor Claves at Baddesley Convent in themselves, but now she loved and reverenced them also in their representative character as nuns. She had always felt the greatest veneration for the Bishop as a man, but now she looked up to him as a Bishop.

I said that her mind had now begun to find repose in what had before disturbed it. I must add that her difficulties had been kept up, increased, complicated, made harder to deal with in every respect, by certain books and pamphlets which cropped up continually before, during, and after the Vatican Council. Had they been expressly designed for the sole purpose of keeping her from

the Church, they could not have been more mischievous in their effects. They veiled the unity of the Church, which she had never doubted before: they made the seat of authority seem like an ignis fatuus that changes its place as you approach it: they eliminated the supernatural, when that was all she required to see in the Church in order to become a Catholic, when she had a longing desire to see it, when other circumstances were favourable to her seeing it.

All this had now passed away and left no trace behind. The final resolution was not being deferred, it was ripening. Practically the struggle was over, and if she once or twice threw out an objection or raised a difficulty, it was to disburden herself of something that could no longer convince, but only disturb for a moment.

We left Baddesley Clinton for a visit to London about the end of April, but a very severe influenza that she caught on the journey made us go to Cowes instead, after having been detained three weeks at a friend's house. We went on to Southsea, and returned home early in June, travelling by road as we were in the habit of doing. We stopped one night at Winchester, and of course went to the Cathedral. It was the very place that might reasonably be expected to bring out subtle sophistries of the heart against the

light already dawning in her soul; for no counter-influence, accessible to her, could have the subtle power of her earliest religious impressions, hallowed as they were in her memory by the strongest ties of filial affection and just reverence. But it had no such effect. She only felt what the Cathedral had once been, and seemed in imagination to have crossed the chasm of three centuries. Soon after we had reached home, she placed herself virtually under the direction of the Bishop. Two or three difficulties, old and trivial of course, came to the surface, as they often do, just before they are silenced for ever. Practically there was only one, and it was this:— The Faith was in her, but she had yet to be shown that it was. I said to her: "It is not faith you are searching for—it is sight, which we cannot have in this world. If you had not the Faith, you would not cling to it as you do, and have so high an idea of it as you have." Incomplete as this suggestion was, and badly expressed, it threw a fresh light on her position, and she saw it. In July the Bishop honoured us with a visit. She was evidently prepared to seek and follow his direction. She asked him many questions, and was deeply impressed by all he said. After his return to Birmingham, he wrote the two following letters in reply to one from her.

"Birmingham, July 26, 1875.

"Dear Lady Chatterton.

"I do not recollect that the Anathema* you quote with relation to Communion under both kinds, is in St. Ignatius's Exercises. I have examined the copious Index to that book, and find no reference to it. I cannot understand how St. Ignatius should have anticipated the Council of Trent; but in the Council of Trent there are two Canons. Session XIII., Canon 3rd., is as follows: 'If anyone shall deny that, in the venerable Sacrament, the whole Christ is contained under each species when a part is separated, let him be Anathema.'

"*Anathema*, which Protestants are fond of rendering by the word *curse*, in the language of Councils means *separation;* let him be separated from the Communion of the faithful. It is the mark of heresy.

"The heresy here condemned is as grave as the heresies on the Incarnation, which agitated the world, and were condemned in the great Councils of the fourth and fifth centuries. It was a logical result, probably not at first foreseen to result from the affirmation of the so-called Reformers, that Communion under both kinds was *necessary* for

* This refers to a statement in some Protestant book that had been lent to her. I forget what the book was.

all persons. That heresy affected the very nature of the body of Christ. It implied that the body and blood of Christ still exist separate, as when He was Crucified, and to the time of His Resurrection. This would give us, not a living Christ, but a dead Christ. But St. Paul says, 'Christ having died, dieth now no more, death no more hath dominion over Him.' At His Resurrection, Christ resumed the blood He had shed, and rose from the dead whole and entire; hence the famous sentence of St. John of Damascus, the great Eastern Theologian of the twelfth century, 'What Christ once took, He never let go.' He resumed His blood, from which His divinity was never separated, and arose in the complete body including His blood. From the moment of His Resurrection the blood of Christ is inseparable from His body, and His body from His blood, Christ is not subject to division, for that would be a new death. Therefore, whoever receives His body, receives His blood; and whoever receives His blood receives His body. The Reformers, having once committed themselves to the necessity of Communion under both kinds, were pushed with this difficulty in the language of St. Paul, 'Is Christ divided?' And the condemnation of a divided Christ, therefore a dead Christ, because the separation of the body and blood is death,

is contained in the Canon of doctrine I have quoted.

"Moreover, the Canon quoted teaches that under each part of each kind when separated, the whole Christ is contained, and that for the same essential reason that Christ is indivisible. This is shown in the words of Christ instituting the sacrifice and sacrament. He took bread and blessed, and broke, and said, 'Eat ye all of this, for this is my body which shall be broken for you.' And in like manner, He blessed the cup, and gave it to be divided among them, yet after blessing and consecrating, He told them to take the cup divided among them. Yet each received the whole Christ.

"Why the Apostles received under both kinds *of necessity*, I will explain later on.

"It is obvious from the indivisibility of the living Christ, that whoever receives under one kind, receives both the body and blood of Christ, and so fulfils the injunction of our Lord in the passages to which you refer. 'Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you shall not have life in you.' Christ does not say, 'Unless you eat the bread and drink of the cup,' but 'unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood,' which is done under each separate kind. But the Scripture has not left us without intimation that we may communi-

cate in the whole Christ under either kind; for in the 11th Chapter of the First Epistles to the Corinthians, verse 27th, St Paul says: 'Whosoever shall eat this bread, *or* drink of the Cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.' Here the Apostle tells us that either to partake in one or the other kind, is to be guilty of the body *and* blood, if taken unworthily. I know that the Protestant version puts *and* for *or*, this has been its standing reproach, the alteration of text was plainly introduced to get clear of the Catholic doctrine. But Tichendorff found that the Sinaitic Code corresponded with the Vatican Code, in having *or*, and these are the two oldest copies in the world; the Sinaitic is supposed to date from the Emperor Justinian. See the note in the Tauchnitz edition, by Tichendorff, of the Anglican New Testament.

"We cannot penetrate to the *nature* of substance by any sense, or by any faculty of our mind, we know that it *is*, and that it sustains and underlies the accidents or phenomena that we do perceive, but what it is, God has withheld from our knowledge in this life. The great philosophers and divines of the Church define substance to be a hidden force; St. Thomas of Aquin so defined it. After the Reformation, and until recent times, the gross sensuality of so-called philosophers laughed

at the notion; but since the discoveries in modern sciences of the imponderables, such as light and electricity, men have been compelled to go back to the old definition, and to declare that substance is *force*, and that even the noblest material force is the least in weight, resistance, or grossness. And you know how much is written in these days about transmutation of forces, which is a kind of transubstantiation, forces such as heat and electricity passing from one group of phenomena to another. Again, the transubstantiation of vegetable into animal life, and of meat and drink into the body and blood of man, goes on incessantly, and is the sustainment of human life. Still the grossness of Protestant theology goes on perpetually denying the possibility of transubstantiation, denying to Christ the power they constantly exert in an inexplicable way themselves of changing meat and drink into their body and blood. In like manner, all men are the multiplication of the one body of Adam, and that by the forces derived from the power of transubstantiating meat and drink into their body and blood. This power is at the root of all human strength and multiplication. So does Christ, the new Adam, by force of transubstantiation in a mystical manner, multiply His presence, the one fertile olive grafted on each stock of the wild olive, to use the illustration of St. Paul,

But it is all mystery, whilst yet it is a fact. This, however, should be kept in view, that the body of Christ is no longer either a mortal or a dead body; but a living body and indivisible, having altogether different qualities from our mortal bodies. It is a body risen from the dead, glorious, immortal, spiritualized, instinct with spiritual life, the vehicle of the divine nature, full of grace and benediction, of the utmost purity, the ductile and responsive instrument of the spirit, hypostatically united with the Godhead of the Eternal Word.

"St. Paul says, I. Corinth., chap. xv., 'All flesh is not the same flesh, and there are bodies celestial and bodies terrestial: but one is the glory of the celestial, and another of the terrestial. One is the glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another the glory of the stars. For star differeth from star in glory. So also in the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour, it shall rise in glory. It is sown a natural body, *it shall rise a spiritual body.*' Then the Apostle applies this to Christ: 'The first Adam was made into a living soul, the last Adam into a quickening spirit. The first man was of the earth, earthly; the second man from heaven, heavenly.' Both His body and blood are spiritualized and glorified, and are instinct with His Divine Spirit. We must not, then, take a carnal view of

Christ's body and blood, but consider them as they are, as living, life-giving, and inseparably one. To deny this is a great, a very great heresy.

"But to say that Christ's body is now separable from His blood, and that we do not receive the whole Christ under one kind, is to fall into this heresy. And to receive under one kind is to affirm the doctrine of Christ's living unity, and to protest against that heresy. This is the reason why the Council of Trent, after affirming the doctrine in the Canon I have quoted, gives the second Canon, which is in the Twenty-first Session, Canon 2.

"*On Communion under both kinds*, the Canon runs thus, 'If anyone shall deny that the Holy Catholic Church was not led by just causes and reasons to communicate the laity, and even the clergy when not celebrating (the Sacrifice) under only one kind, or that she has erred therein, let him be anathema.' And in again the Third Canon, 'If anyone shall deny that the whole and entire Christ, the Author and Fountain of all graces, is not taken under the one species of bread, let him be anathema.'

"The reason why in the Mass the priest must celebrate under both kinds is obvious. After blessing and breaking the bread and giving the cup to the Apostles, declaring that by their consecra-

tion they were His body and blood, Christ said to them, 'Do this, and as often as you do it, you show (that is, you exhibit) my death until I come.' He enjoined on His ministering priests that they should exhibit His death by doing what He had done. But His death is His sacrifice, and death was owing to the separation of His body and blood. As St. Paul says, there is no remission, no sacrifice, without shedding of blood. And this shedding or separating of Christ's body and blood, though it cannot again actually take place, is shown or exhibited in remembrance of the real blood-shedding, by the separate consecrating and separate taking by the priest of the same body and blood, under the separate forms of bread and wine.

"The body is there by virtue of the consecration, but the blood is inseparable from it. The priest consecrates under both forms to exhibit the separation in the sacrifice of the Cross, and must therefore consume under both kinds. But the Sacrifice is one thing, and the Communion is another. In the old law, the body and blood were separated by the priest to prophetically represent the sacrifice of Christ, but whilst both the priest and the laity partook of the body of the victim, they did not take the blood in any form: that was strictly forbidden them.

"Let me now give you a brief history of Com-

munion in the Catholic Church, and so I finish the subject. First let me draw your attention to a celebrated remark made in the Council of Basle, that in Chapter VI. of St. John Our Lord speaks of this sacrament eleven times under the form of bread, and only four times under the name of flesh and blood, as if under the species of bread were the entire sacrament. And in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. ii, the believers are described as 'persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles and Communion of breaking of bread and of prayer.' Those who lay so much stress on the mention of the two forms together, should not forget how often the form of bread is alone mentioned for the whole sacrament, especially when they find the Church in possession of both methods of communicating.

"The history of communicating is extremely interesting, but I must be brief. *The Mass of the Presanctified* is one of the most striking proofs of the perpetual doctrine on Communion under one kind. In the Latin Rite it is to be found in the oldest Rituals, traced to St. Peter. On Good Friday no mass is celebrated, but two Hosts are consecrated the day before, and one is reserved until next morning, when the priest receives it alone with no consecration of wine. It is the more practised in the Eastern Church, and from the old Rituals, traceable to St. James and to other Apostles. On

Sundays, Saturdays, and the Feast of the Annunciation they celebrate mass as at other times, consecrating under both kinds, but on the other days of Lent they have the mass of the *Presanctified*, in which the priest or bishop only communicates under the form of bread, reserved from the previous mass. There is a decree to this effect in the Council of Trujillo, which took place in 692.

"During the early days of persecution the faithful received, besides their Communion, other particles in form of bread on their hands, and the women on a linen cloth spread upon the hand, which they took home in little boxes, some of which still exist, and from which they communicated themselves when in danger, or when the priests were in hiding, that they might have spiritual strength to meet their persecutors. The same practice was observed by the hermits of the deserts. It is mentioned by Tertullian L. ad Uxorem, c. 5; by St. Cyprian, Serm. de Lapis; by Saint Ambrose, Orat. de obitu Fratris sui; by St. Augustine, Serm. 222, and by others. St. Augustine says expressly that the women received the Eucharist on a clean linen cloth on their hands, which cannot be understood of wine, and none of these authorities speak of wine. Saint Cyril of Jerusalem, Cateches 5, and Saint Gregory Nazienzen, Orat. contra Arianos, say that the species of bread was given into the hands

of the laity by the priest or deacon, but not the species of wine, for it was by no means lawful for them to touch the cup.

"Eusebius tells us in the days of Constantine, that when Serapion was dying the priest sent a youth with a small particle of the Eucharist, and told him to moisten it in water, and so get it into the old man's mouth, who, the moment he had absorbed it, expired. And Paulinus, the Deacon of Saint Ambrose, says that Honoratus of Vercelli gave to Saint Ambrose, when dying, 'the body of the Lord, which being swallowed he expired, carrying his Viaticum with him.' Yet as a general fact in the early ages, and up to the 12th century, it was very frequent to receive at the altar under both kinds. Yet when that was inconvenient, there was no difficutly in communicating under one kind. Evagrius and Nicephorus, those two early historians of the Church, tell us that on the Wednesdays and Fridays the crumbs that remained after Communion were administered to Christian schoolboys, which was a real Communion. And there were other instances when children were communicated solely with drops from the chalice, without anything of the form of bread. But when the Manicheans arose, and maintained that wine was of the evil principle, Saint Leo the Great tells

us that all the faithful were ordered to communicate under both kinds, in order to repel these frightful heretics, who would come to the Catholic churches and receive only under the form of bread. This shows that even in the 4th and 5th century, this mode of communicating under one kind was common. And Saint Jerome says in his 22nd Letter to Eustachium, that there were certain virgins at Rome so abstemious and abhorrent from wine that even in communicating they would not receive under the form of wine, from which they got the nicknames of *miserables* and Manicheans. So Venerable Bede, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, L. 1, C. 5, tells us of some Pagan princess, who went to the Bishop and said: 'Why will you not give us of the *fine bread* that you give our father and the people in the Church?' And he told them they must first give up their idolatry and become Christians. But let these examples suffice to show that the Church has always communicated her children under one kind or under both, according to circumstances and requirements.

"Why then, after the beginning of the 12th century, did the Church establish a uniform discipline of communicating under one kind? First because, with the increase of the faithful, the danger grew more and more of frequent sacrileges

in spilling the wine. The rule was inspired by the necessity of reverence for the Divine Mysteries. Secondly, in preserving the Communion, there is always danger of the species of wine corrupting. Thirdly, to keep uniformity of rule in the sacrament of unity, some there are to whom wine in any form is repulsive; many there are who would nauseate the communicating from one cup with those who have dirty and fetid mouths. Fourthly, to affirm sound doctrine against those who condemn as sacrilegious the partaking under one kind, and against those who affirm that Christ is not wholly received under one kind, but is divided under the two forms.

"These reasons are assigned for the Church's discipline in the Catechism of the Council of Trent. And so cogent are they found in practice that, although the Moravians and Bohemians obtained leave for Communion under both kinds from the Council of Basle, experience taught them its great inconvenience from the sacrileges and irreverences that arose from it, and they gradually returned to the common usage of the Church.

"I have thus briefly and rapidly treated the subject, as time would let me, and whilst agreeing with the Sarum Missal that Communion under both kinds was practised up to the 12th

century I have likewise shown that Communion under one kind was practised from the beginning, that the language of Scripture leaves an opening for both, and that witholding the cup does not deprive us of the blood of our Saviour.

"Praying our Lord to bless you and give you the inestimable light of faith,

"I remain, dear Lady Chatterton,

"Your faithful friend and servant,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

"Birmingham, July 26, 1875.

"Dear Lady Chatterton,

"Since writing to you my long letter this morning, a point has occurred to me which ought to have entered into it. It is this: that the Catholic doctrine of the indivisibility of Christ's body and blood naturally points in the direction of Communion under one kind, whilst the Protestant doctrine of there being no reality of Christ's body and blood, but only symbols of it, naturally necessitates Communion under both kinds, for, not having the reality, and not believing it, there is no other way left of having Christ's body but in the outward and visible sign, and so both the visible symbols must be required in every case. But where the real presence is, there the undivided Christ is actually under

each separate symbol. This will only be intelligible after reading the longer letter.

"God bless you.

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

Almost as soon as she had read these letters—it may have been a day or two after, she wrote again, reproaching herself, as she had often done in conversation with him, for not feeling within herself her own ideal of Faith. He answered as follows.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM'S LETTERS ON FAITH.

"Birmingham, July 30, 1875.

"MY dear Lady Chatterton,

"In your kind and confiding letter of to-day you have given me proof that you quite understand the nature of your difficulty, and have penetrated to its cause. This is a time of God's visitation to you, and the visitation is making you thoroughly uncomfortable, mortifying your intellect, and making you discontented with your state of soul. And why is this, but that our good God desires you for His loving and obedient child. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' And our God is our One great friend. It is the flatteries of the enemy that are deceitful. Your heart is simple and affectionate as that of a child, and you have a certain quickness of perception on the surface of your mind, which, through incessant play on the countless images and notions presented in art and literature, has not permitted you to penetrate with the firm

hold of your heart into the deeper truths that underlie whatever is presented to the mind. Yet this incessant passing of light and shadows, however broken, over the surface of your mind, has not destroyed that simple, which means integral, affection of heart, that, making you winsome to your relatives and friends, has led to your having been from earliest years a beloved child, 'spoilt' by affection, and by multifarious literature that breaks up the unity and solidity of the mind, whenever there is not a deep under-lying faith from which everything comes to be set at its true value.

"I know Dr. Newman's vigorous way. Depend upon it, my dear friend, it was from no want of sympathy, but from strong sympathy restrained, that he wrote. He wished to give you an electric shock, to startle you out of security, and to urge the exercises of faith as the means of entering into faith. Surgical operations are painful even though they come from a loving hand. Prayer, and prayer with the heart open, and as near to God as it can come, is the way to win the grace and gift of faith. Faith is a divine light and a divine force, which God alone can give; a light to see its principle, a force to lift up the heart, and cause it to cleave with unwavering adhesion to that principle. And what is that principle? It is the authority of God, the one true voucher of supernatural truth.

"'Faith,' says St. Paul, 'is the certain proof of things unseen,' unseen by our senses, unseen by our reason. The certain proof of those things is the word of God, who does see them, and the Testimony of the Church in which He has deposited that word, promising to keep her in His truth to the end of time. 'Faith comes by hearing,' said the Apostle again, 'not therefore by sight. Faith comes first, and after Faith comes understanding. Unless ye believe,' says the Scripture, 'ye shall not understand:' so it is in nature, so it is in the supernatural still more. As simple docile children, we first believe our parents: through that belief our reason is developed, and so we begin to understand. We believe our teachers, resting first on their authority, then by degrees we see ourselves and understand what in their teaching is true. We believe historians, or the past would be a blank. We believe voyagers and travellers, or we should know but little of this world. We believe the observations of men of science, or we should be contracted to our own narrow experience. We believe what truthful persons say of themselves and of others, in conversation, and in biography, and in correspondence, or our knowledge of human nature would be marvellously limited. The vast body of our human knowledge rests on human Faith, and upon that knowledge, once obtained, our understanding is

exercised. But, to quote Southey's beautiful poem in its consummating point, 'The talisman is Faith.' No Faith, no reception of knowledge. Heaven is a distant country, distant not by space, but by the gross intervention of the body. And the communications of God with man are only perceptible to Faith. 'The talisman is Faith.'

"We cannot rise above ourselves to reach the truth that is greater than we are. It must descend to us, and God must prepare us for it. This is grace. The first effect of a truth greater than ourselves, greater than our natural reason, is to shock us, and to cause a recoil. When our Lord declared His Divinity, it was such a shock to His hearers that they took up stones to stone him. The Apostles were inwardly prepared, and so received it, and Peter first confessed it, when our Lord said, 'Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you shall not have life in you:' many went back and said, 'This a hard saying, who can receive it?'. And as of the multitude only the twelve remained, our Lord said to them: 'Will you also go away?' Peter answered for the twelve, 'Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life, and we have known and believed that Thou art the Son of God.' They did not understand more than the rest, but they had the gift of Faith, and they had the reward of under-

standing his Divinity from the resurrection, and of understanding about His body and blood in its practical reception at the Last Supper.

"Why does the first hearing of a great supernatural Truth give us a shock? It is a blow, not at our reason, but at our experience. For there is nothing so reasonable as to think that we must expect very extraordinary things in the mind of God, and in His ways with us, beyond all our natural experience. 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor my ways your ways; but as far as the Heavens are exalted above the Earth, so far are my thoughts above your thoughts, and my ways above your ways.'

"The human mind is no measure for the Divine mind; nor is human reason the test or measure of the Divine Reason. We have no measure or standard in us by which to criticize and judge the all-wise mind, or the all mighty operations of God. His Divine Reason is infinitely above the modicum of reason that He has vouchsafed to us; it does not contradict our human reason, but it transcends all our human experience. The shock His great truths give to them who have not Faith is because Faith has not yet, by the Divine gift, enlarged and laid open the soul to receive it. It knocks outside the soul that is as yet too narrow to receive it. But when Faith opens the soul in simpli-

city and humility to receive the revelation, then, once entered within, it enlarges, and tranquilizes and frees the soul. 'If,' says our Lord, 'the truth set you free, then are you truly free.' But God first requires, even as all true teachers require, that we be open-hearted, open-minded, subjective and docile to its teaching, all which is summed up in the word *Humility*, and humility is rewarded with the Truth. To understand is to stand under. When our soul is subject to God, God enters into the soul with His light and love.

"How can God enter into a soul that is self-sufficient? that has already set up itself as the measure and standard of truth? that assumes superiority in taking the tone of criticism? that measures God by self? and His truth and operation by our poor experience? Those who would measure the supernatural things of Heaven by the scale of the natural things of this earth, or the Divinity by humanity, make the least the greatest, the human the Divine, and reverse the Eternal order of things, setting the pyramid of Truth upon its cone, on which it cannot possibly stand.

"We are not the measure of Divine truth, but it is the measurer of us.

"Truth descends from above. God is Truth, and as all Truth descends from Him, it is in its

nature one and indivisible. Man cannot invent it, but God gives it, and gives the conditions on which it is received; and these are confidence in Him—faith and love. We are His children, and faith and love are the attributes of children. How could our parents train us without faith and love? How can God train us for Himself without faith and love? The test of a good child is obedience and docility, not merely to father and mother, but to those whom father and mother put over us invested with their authority. This is the great test, to obey in those we see, Him we see not. The Church is God's nursery and school, in which he tests and trains his children. Always has God so acted. God sent the offending friends of Job to Job himself, to plead for them, ere He forgave them. He required the children of the Patriarchs to believe His revelations to their fathers; and all Israel to believe and obey Moses; and the Jews to hear and obey the Prophets; and Saul to obey Samuel; and when St. Paul was cast down, and his heart changed by Christ, he was sent to Ananias of Damascus to learn from the Church what to do. So Cornelius, after the Divine vision, was sent to Peter. Always and everywhere, after the inward conversion, God sends man to the Church for incorporation in the Church, which is the body of Christ, animated by His Holy Spirit.

And what more astounding proof can we have of the Church than in its succession and existence through the ages as Christ promised; than the way it has held the nations through so many ages; for example, it was the religion of all Englishmen for a thousand years. Then the way in which all sects generated by human pride, error, and sensuality have have fallen off, as predicted, bearing, as Bossuet observes, 'each the reminiscence of its former union, each the bleeding wound of its separation, each its internal divisions that mark it off from that marvellous union in one faith and one truth which ever distinguishes the one Church.' Then, again, that wonderful way in which the Church holds all revealed truths in their positive form which can be spoken of as *revealed*, while the sects shape themselves by negatives in denying one this—another that; whilst the Church, through all its vast numbers, holds the whole body of revelation.

"It made a tremendous impression on the great mind of Edmund Burke, when Bishop Gibson pointed out to him that, 'if all the sects separated from the Catholic Church were assembled in jury to judge any one single Catholic, *on each point* there would be a majority to approve his Faith. For where any Protestant sect raised a point, the majority derived from the Eastern sects and from

other Protestant sects would be on the Catholic side; and where there is an error in an Eastern sect, the other Eastern and the higher Protestant sects would be on the Catholic side.'

" 'But,' said Burke to the Bishop, 'there is one thing you forget—the Pope.'

" 'Not at all,' replied the Bishop. 'The Easterns still recognise him as the Head Bishop of the Church, and the President of her Councils, and the final voice; only they say he is in error on some one point that they maintain, be it the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son as well as the Father, or be it the two natures in Christ, or be it the two wills in Christ, and on each of these points the other sects of the East, and the great Protestant communities of the West are with the Pope. And you must remember that whilst the adversaries of the Church, all taken together, give a majority on each point of doctrine to the Catholic, that one Catholic is one of a body which alone constitutes the majority of Christians, which has possession from the beginning, and undisputed succession, and that all others who claim succession profess to have brought it from the Catholic Church.'

" Burke sank his head between his hands, and remained astounded. After a time, he lifted up his face full of awe, and exclaimed:

"'An amazing truth! an astounding argument! I will go and tell it to Fox, and I hope to see you again.'

"'But soon after,' concludes Bishop Gibson, 'he died.'

"My dear friend, the way to Faith is through prayer. Get as near to God as you can. Love him as much as you can. Ask Him with Peter: 'O Lord! give me faith.' Or, with the man of the Gospel, 'I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief.' The affair is between God and your soul. Doubtless you have rightly divined that endless reading on endless subjects by countless writers, many of them trivial, or tainted with unbelief, and unworthy to instruct your soul, has, by breaking the integral soul into endless multiplicity of thoughts and sentiments, made the soul as shifting as sand, without true consistency for the anchor of faith to hold by. But there is remedy, and that is to get your soul as near as possible to God, to pray very earnestly, to remember that God has made us for Himself, that nothing but God is really worthy of you, that many things, amusing and not consolidating the mind, are not worthy of you. And God will clear your soul with His light, strengthen it with His grace, open it for His truth, and to His single-hearted child

will give that 'Faith which surpasses all understanding.'

"Believe me always to be with very sincere respect,

"Dear Lady Chatterton,

"Your faithful servant in Christ,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

She wrote to him again in a very few days, as may be seen by the date of his answer.

"Birmingham, August 7, 1875.

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"I have been incessantly engaged in business since I received your last confidential letter until now.

"All you say of yourself I believe to be quite true, as it is also very humble and sincere. I do not think that you have formal doubts of the facts of a divine revelation, but only troubling suggestions that belong more truly to the imagination than to the soul, that in fact are outside rather than inside of your soul. In the depth of your soul I believe there is a conviction that our good God has not left us without His certain truth and certain guidance what we are to do to be saved.

"Our very weakness and helplessness proclaim to us, that we need a divine guidance. And the

declaration of Plato, that we know not what we require and therefore what to ask for ourselves until a Divine one come to teach us, is the cry of our poor nature, of which Plato was the mouth-piece. The Divine one came and established His one Church, to deliver His one truth, and to minister the ordinances of salvation. From our own weakness we fly to Him, and to Him, living in His Church, we go for the supply of our soul's needs, which He alone understands, and He alone can supply. To settle every point and difficulty for ourselves is more than in our weakness and defect of light we can do. But in believing the Church we believe whatever Christ has taught and ordained. This, as St. Augustine says, is the compendious way to God. The Church, One Holy Catholic, Apostolic, is the one article that includes all the rest. How simple God makes everything for the simple child-like heart. Resting upon the Church, we have 'peace in believing.'

"As to which is the true Church, I do not think you can have much difficulty, because you do not fail to see that the Catholic Church alone is one in unity of Faith and government; holy in its saints and in the multitude who follow the laws of mortifying the flesh to free the spirit, and follow the eight beatitudes as well as

obey the commandments, who, in short, follow the laws of sanctity; Catholic in its universality of time, place, and doctrine, embracing all that which is elsewhere divided; Apostolic, holding the Apostolic succession unquestioned, and having still all the Apostolic qualities in its principal See.

"In vain do we look for the fulness of these marks elsewhere, especially in their complexity and complete combination. You must accept of that authority where it is truly claimed, and asserted, and exercised, not where it is not merely not claimed and exercised, but is actually denied, rejected, and protested against.

"The Protestant principle is rather a negation than a principle, and God can found nothing on a negation. It is a reduction of the Catholicity of the Church to individuals, and of its teaching to opinion, of which there are so many heads, so many creeds, which are not creeds, because they rest on individual minds, and not on a great external teaching authority come down from Christ. Its result is neither unity nor certainty, but doubt and confusion, a Babel of tongues each giving a different sound. You have been the victim of this many-opinioned, many-tongued protest against the Church, of which human pride is the explanation, not as applied to you, but to the

authors of this miserable revolt. You have that, my dear friend, within you, that tells you so, and you know that only God can form a Church and a creed on which souls can rest in safety. Whatever memory or imagination may say, there is something deeper in you, a grace from God which makes you unhappy in your position, and that prompts you on to pray for Faith. Pray on—pray on; and God will hear your prayer, and after purging your soul with fear will give you rest in faith. Faith you need, faith you seek, faith you want, faith in the true Church of Christ, whose Grace and doctrines lead to Christ. This is the deepest cry of your heart, and in reply to your cry God will give it, provided you put off and away the temptations that rise from the storehouse of countless memories which being opposed to God's Church fight against your belief in God's Church.

"The ingenuousness with which you have laid open your heart to me, fills me with a respect and a sympathy in your sufferings constantly increasing. I am sure Almighty God has His Holy designs over you, and that He will help you on to Faith, trust and peace. Your conscience is all looking one way, whatever be pulling in the shape of temptation in the opposite; and, no doubt, Dr. Newman felt that, and wished you to

follow, even at some cost of a struggle, the deeper and more divine intimations that reach your soul. This is my construction of his advice. Still pray as you pray, and before all other things pray from your whole heart with concentrated desire for faith, and God will not let you die without it.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Chatterton,

"With sincerest respect,

"Always your faithful servant in Christ,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

A few days later, she wrote to him again, but this time on a different subject, and with a different purpose. The difficulty (if it may be called so in any sense) was quite external, one of those educational parasites that hang on to the surface of a convert's mind, more or less, until the final resolution has been taken. Notwithstanding his very numerous occupations and engagements, he answered her at once.

I subjoin his letter.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM'S LETTER ON CELIBACY AND THE EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY.

"Birmingham, August 16, 1875.

"MY dear Lady Chatterton,

"The question of sacerdotal celibacy and of the consecrated virginal life rests on very profound principles; and flesh and blood cannot discern the things of God, because, as the Apostle says, they are spiritually examined. The virtues are in their nature reflections and responses to the attributes of God. And some virtues which imitate in their degree, that is, according to human capacity, the higher attributes of God, are too great to be demanded of the common run of fallen humanity. Yet these virtues are the highest witnesses on earth to the powers of grace, and to the attributes of God in Heaven. These are not virtues commanded to all men, but virtues counselled and commanded to those who have the special call to them, which im-

plies the special grace for them. One of these classes of high virtues of council is the eight Beatitudes which open the sermon on the Mount. They are not commands, but councils, with promise of especial blessings and joys as their reward. Another, that of the virginal life devoted unto God, is contained in the 7th Chapter of St. Paul, 1st of Corinthians, enforcing our Lord's words respecting those who keep themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of God. But St. Paul expressly says that he has *no command, but gives counsel.* Read from the 25th verse of that chapter carefully.

"One of the supreme attributes of God is His Divine Purity, having infinite society within Himself in the Three Persons. He is infinitely pure, and His purity is His Sanctity. Sanctity is purity.

"Man was created pure, and by gift of grace was at the same time constituted in justice, which implies a perfect order and subordination of the material body to the spiritual soul, the soul being perfectly subject to God in grace. This was original justice: it implied a complete purity or sanctity. There was no rebellion of the body against the spirit, as there was no rebellion of the spirit against God. The light of God was man's law, and freely he obeyed his light with the help of supernatural grace. When, using his freedom, which alone ennobled his virtue and made it such, he rebelled against his light, that

is against the God who enlightened him, his body also was let loose from the control of his spirit, and broke into rebellion of that kind which we call concupiscence, and that fuel of sin which, in place of a passionless and unlustful mode of increasing the human family, generated a sensual passion that disorders the soul, perturbs the whole man, blinds the intellect, and leads to countless evils, but above all disturbs and violates the tranquil purity, holiness, and contemplative power of the soul through its excesses. This is one of the terrible consequences of the fall: with the loss of immortality came the reign of concupiscence, which carried man so far from God, and gave a rank growth to so many vices.

"Yet in the traditions of mankind there ever lingered a tradition of the primitive state, and of the golden age; and an impress everywhere remained that virginal purity is expressly and singularly pleasing to God. You find it among the earliest creeds of the human race, among the Hindoos, the Buddhists, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and among the Scandinavians, recalling their Eastern origin, that he who sacrifices to God must be pure. The sacrifice of a virgin was to save the hosts of Greece before Troy. The Vestal Virgins alone were worthy to keep alive the perpetual fire; and this came from the Etruscans. The theory of all the East, the

cradle of the human race and seat of divine revelations, was that at least, when he sacrificed, man must be pure. The pure alone must approach the All-pure. In the Old Law, the priests, during their week in the Temple to offer the sacrifice, lived apart in the Temple from their families, and as the Talmud delivers down the tradition, the women before the tabernacle and serving in the Temple were young virgins, who after a period returned to the world. David and his followers were not allowed to touch the bread of the Tabernacle, even in their hunger and need, until they gave assurance to the High Priest that they had been continent for some days. There was a law of continence for the chosen and prophetic nation taken as a whole, that they should be continent from all those of the nations around; and when Solomon and other kings violated this law, they fell from God, and their reigns were troubled, calamitous, and scandalous. But all these laws and traditions foreshadowed the holier dispensation. Christ on His human side was a pure virgin, born of a pure virgin of the Holy Ghost, that all might be perfectly pure in him without touch of the disorder of concupiscence. This was the perfect reflection in His human of His Divine nature, fit therefore to be a perfect High Priest, and a perfect victim: as his figure in the Old Law was the pure and immaculate Lamb.

From Him all priesthood springs, and of all Priesthood he is the type and example. In the Old Law, the shadow of better things, bringing nothing to perfection, that purity was imperfectly exercised and expressed: yet there was a law of purity for the priesthood. In the New Law we must expect to have it perfectly exercised and expressed, as far as human nature working with grace will permit, and so we find it.

"Whoever heard of a married clergy in the times of the Fathers of the Church? Which of the Fathers, almost all of them Bishops or Priests, had a wife? We have all their biographies, mostly by contemporaries, but who of them all has said of any one of them that they had wives or families? Take the whole line of the Roman Bishops, and which of them had a wife? Peter had one, indeed, before his call, but it is the universal tradition that they lived separate after his Apostleship. What Bishop of Constantinople had a wife? Or of any of the Sees whose succession we have? The clergy were trained from youth in the Bishop's houses under the Archdeacon, and kept free from the world up to their ordination, until the University system arose, and corrupted the Church through the mingling of the aspirants to the Ministry with overwhelming numbers of secular youths full of the worldly spirit. To this fact I will return. A great fundamental

maxim of the Church ever prevailed, that the pure alone should handle the all-pure mysteries, and reflect in their lives the sovereign purity of God This is a sentiment so deeply rooted in humanity, that in India and other parts of the East the Pagans to this day cannot comprehend a married clergy, they look on them as common men, whilst the Catholic Priest is everywhere received with unbounded reverence as a man sacred to God. Hence the unanimous testimony of travellers that the Catholic Religion makes constant progress in the East, whilst, notwithstanding all that is repeated at Exeter Hall, Protestantism is everywhere a failure with the natives. See Martial's Missions for overwhelming evidence of the fact, which I could confirm by my own experience in the Pacific Ocean.

"When St. Paul says, 'Let a bishop be chosen the husband of one wife,' he laid down an obvious maxim which the whole tradition of the Church explains. At the beginning of the Church, mature men of a grave age could not be found often who were not married, and the converted Pagans, I mean the Pagans before their conversion, who were not married, had commonly led dissipated lives. When ordained bishops, they separated each from his wife, and their wives became what St. Paul calls widows, devoted to religious and charitable lives. But it

was a maxim then and a law, and has been a part of the Church's practical law ever since, that no man who had ever had two wives should be promoted to the priesthood, and above all to the Episcopacy. It was considered a mark of incontinency in a man to have married twice, not of sinful incontinency, but of that less perfect continency which was not tolerated in the ministry. The text of St. Paul is the basis of the Canon Law, not only of the Catholic, but of all the Oriental Schismatical Churches, including that of Russia. No man can be ordained who has ever had two wives. St. Paul's words should not be forgotten in construction with that sentence, where he says, speaking to all the Christians of Corinth respecting virginity, 'I would that all were even as I.' That is, he would prefer that all the Christians at Corinth were virgins as he was.

"When you quote Bishop Milner, my venerable predecessor, you give the strongest proof that the Catholic Church does not dissemble abuses. All her history records them with pain and sorrow. They are the distressing proof of another part of our Lord's Doctrine, that a man may fall from his estate, as Judas fell. Our Lord said, 'It must needs be that scandals come; but nevertheless woe be to that man by whom the scandal cometh.' Of such scandals there are ample records in the Aposto-

lic writings, nor are the falls confined to the laity. What are the letters of St. Paul to the Bishops Timothy and Titus, as to whom they should choose for the Ministry, but guards against such scandals and falls? The higher the position and the purer the virtues demanded, all the more terrible is the fall, as was that of one of the Apostles, chosen of Christ, as he expressly says with relation to Judas.

"It is not the Catholic but the Calvinist doctrine that a man cannot fall from the state of grace and justification; and this is intimately connected with their denial of free will, and their frightful doctrine that God predestines some to Heaven and some to Hell, over-riding their will to His predestination. If Adam fell from innocence and justice, if David fell, though he rose again, if Peter fell, though he rose again and learnt compassion for all sinners, if Judas fell beyond repentance, if Solomon fell, then every man through his free will may fall. Therefore, St. Paul admonishes us to 'work out our Salvation with fear and trembling.'

"You put before me the excellent example of the Winchester clergy of your time. I believe it. But that settles nothing. You have excellent men and models of family chastity in all ages and creeds, and even in Pagan times. Close by them you had the exiled Catholic clergy of France living lives of

supernatural purity. You must have known something of those men likewise, who suffered much and kept the purity of their state for the love of God, and in view of the high sanctity of their state.

"Even a married clergy is not exempt from scandals; and in this respect, if we take the whole history of the Anglican Church from its commencement, the crop of scandals has been large. I think there has been great improvement in this respect since the clerical spirit has been raised through the action of the Tractarians, who reinvigorated the Establishment from Catholic doctrines. But look at the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. I say not this *in odium*, but simply to point out that one story is good until another is told; and that in every epoch human weakness working with free will has produced its scandals, more or less even in the sanctuary. For our Lord says it must be that scandals come. And He portrays His Kingdom, that is, His Church, as consisting of good grain and weeds, as good fish and bad fish, as men with the wedding garment and men without it, as wise and foolish virgins, until the final separation. This is the doctrine of the Church, because it is the doctrine of Christ, and blessed are they who, remembering the doctrine, are not scandalized at the Church for what so little belongs

to her that she holds it in horror. For sin is not of the Church, but of the man. Therefore the Church has always recorded the scandals of her children with a horror of them, and as a warning to others, even as the Holy Scriptures do, that is, the Holy Ghost who inspired its writers.

"If we are to condemn what is high and holy, and what is the nearest representation of God's purity, because there have been abuses and falls from it, especially in lax, weak, and troubled times and places, what is there that we must not condemn and put aside? and what would be left? Marriage has its abuses; are we therefore to condemn marriage? A life vowed to purity has had its abuses; are we therefore to condemn this supernatural life? The Holy Scripture commends it.

"In wild and unsettled times, after long wars and pestilences especially, discipline slackens, training gets neglected, education is got anyhow or not at all, and grave abuses arise in all states and conditions of life. It is not easy for us, sitting in comfort and peace in our quiet chairs, to estimate those times. But there was always a grand protest on the part of the holy and faithful men of the Church; and it has often been noticed that, as in the lax times of Israel the great prophets arose,

and as in a troubled state great rulers spring up, so in the lax times of the Church, in whatever part of it (for we must not allow ourselves to generalize what is local and partial) the great saints were raised up to put things right again, and to re-establish discipline, which was commonly done by great religious orders. Men vowed to purity, and they alone, have ever been the great reformers of the Church's moral discipline.

"Look on the other side, and see how marvellous and how countless have been the men and women who have glorified God and the Church by their pure and innocent lives and their great works. For this is most certain, that God has attached spiritual fertility to purity, reflecting His own. What has the English Establishment done since the time of Henry the Eighth? It has built up nothing. It has simply preserved fragments of Catholic doctrine and of Catholic morality, and that with difficulty. For outside the true Church they are always lowering and slipping away. The lamp requires to be relit at the Catholic Church. So it was under Charles the First and Laud. But Protestantism could not stand it, and executed both Charles and Laud. So it was with the non-jurors under William the Third. But they were driven out of the Church. So it has been with the Tractarians. They have borrowed Cath-

olic doctrines and practices by halves, and the Establishment is heaving and loathing against this Catholic importation. Yet whatever it has it owes to the Church, but, built on a negative, it cannot endure the full light of Catholicity.

"I return to the Universities, established and privileged by the Popes in favour of learning in the thirteenth century, and developed in the fourteenth. The aspirants to the priesthood resorted to them in great numbers. But what can a collection of ten thousand young men of all classes, nobles, gentles, professors of law and medicine, and speculators of all sorts, be, to serve as a society in which clerics might be trained.' Many of them contracted worldliness, and the Church suffered. Think again of that forty years' war of the Roses, when every youth of spirit held a sword, when learning and the arts necessarily sank, when even households were divided in the quarrel, when, as in all civil wars, morality sank, and all was confusion. After such a preparation came the so-called Reformation. It was the outcome of these two elements, the corrupt universities and the civil wars. After them a king became all powerful. I have read somewhere that after the Battle of Bosworth only sixteen peers remained. A new nobility had to be created, and the monasteries were plundered to establish them. Then was the king's

will the law of the land, and it has taken three centuries to restore the freedom of the subject.

"But at the great Council of Trent the Church reformed herself, and how could she do that without enumerating abuses? She frankly enumerates them, and since then her discipline has ever been rising and strengthening.

"How did she accomplish her reform? The great historian of the Council, Palavicini, will tell you: or the Protestant Ranke will tell you. She took the education of the clergy out of the universities and placed it in those episcopal seminaries of which Cardinal Pole drew up the first sketch, and from that time when her discipline returned to its ancient methods, the clergy rose up renovated with the true spirit of the Church.

"Putting aside the world's view of our doctrines, which it neither knows nor understands, let us take its testimony on the purity of the Church. And who can speak for the world like *The Times*. In an article of its issue of this day, *The Times* says:

"'Whatever may be the blunders and follies of the Papacy in our time, it is free from crime. Whatever may be the bigotry and the ambition

of the clergy, they lead pure lives and they are passionately devoted to their work.' But this purity in a body so vast, counting by millions if we take the clergy, religious men, and consecrated women of all classes, amounting altogether even in infidel France to two hundred thousand, is so far beyond nature, so much the result of a high grace and of a wonderful training and discipline supplied by Saints, that it is a marvel to the world, and a vast hymn of praise ascending ever unto God, a praise and a homage not of words but of lives, that, as far as mortals may, are imitators of the divine purity and the purity of Jesus.

"As to the infallibility of the Pope, it has always existed in practice, and until the great schism the Easterns appealed to it as well as the Westerns. A council has never been anything until the Pope approved of it: that approval alone ever gave it authority. And who is to judge between council and council? for rival councils have met in great strength on one and the same question on opposite sides: but the Pope has ever settled which was the true one. The mystery and the power of unity lies there. One God, one Christ, one final representative of Christ. Unity is not possible without it. What

the Church had always practised she ultimately defined. And then was seen a grand spectacle. What the Council defined and the Pope defined after the Council, every bishop who opposed—and almost all of them who did so, acted on the ground of expediency, not of doctrine, for I heard them proclaim their adhesion to the doctrine with my own ears—all those opponents, to a man, submitted to the Church's voice. Theirs were opinions: they knew that those opinions were not infallible: they bowed in faith to the voice of the Church in the great majority and the Pontiff. Gratry wrote a retractation, in which he declared that what they defined was not what he had anticipated, and that what he had written against was the defining something else. Then it must be recollected that the apostleship continues in the See of Peter alone, and it is the apostleship, sustained by our Lord's creative word, that is infallible. The line of the Apostolic Pontiffs is the wonder of the world.

"We must have either one or all the Bishops infallible, and God can as easily make one infallible as a thousand. But one is made infallible to represent the Divine Unity, and to keep the Church in Unity.

"I have given you a long letter, my dear friend

—but my pen, having begun on these grand themes, could not easily stop.

" Praying our Lord to bless you, I remain,

" My dear Lady Chatterton,

" Your faithful servant in Christ,

" W. B. ULLATHORNE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST—TRIALS AND RESULTS.

DURING the next ten days after the date of the foregoing letter, the arch-tormentor of sensitive consciences did his utmost to impede the action of grace by suggesting more scruples as to the reality of her Faith and the sincerity of her conviction. Of course he did, for he knew very well that it was the only vulnerable point he could find.

The Bishop's remark upon this was:—

"I should be much distressed at her sufferings, if I did not think that they are the result of such conflicts with nature and habit as lead to final rest. . . . . purging the soul through fear, to prepare it for Faith and love of God."

His words were verified not many hours after he had uttered them.

On the 24th of August she made Mrs. Ferrers

write a note for her to the Bishop, saying:—"Tell him that he knows me thoroughly. It is for him to command, and I will obey." On the 25th he replied in the following letter:

* * * * *

"Those earnest yearnings for Faith show plainly that grace is moving, soliciting, and inviting her. Your aunt knows in the depth of her soul, whatever imagination may temptingly suggest, that there is but one Church established by Christ to teach His truth and minister His grace, and that the Catholic Church alone has come down from Christ with unbroken succession and authority.

"Let her make her act of Faith in the Catholic Church as the Authority for God's revelation a simple act of belief that the Catholic Church is the true Church and that she accepts its teaching; to this simple act of Faith let her cling with her heart and will, in spite of all that her imagination may suggest, and she will begin to find *peace in believing*. In this Faith let her make her confession, which she had better write to facilitate communication with the Priest, and abide by his judgment with reference to Holy Communion.

"This letter could be shown to the priest who is invited, that he may understand the case."

The confessor she chose in obedience to the

foregoing direction, was the Rev. Joseph Kelly, of Warwick, a valued friend as well as a wise and experienced priest. On the 27th she wrote to him, and asked him to appoiut a day when he could see her. He did so, heard her confession, then a few days afterwards came over to Baddesley, and gave her Holy Communion.

Thus, before the end of August she was a Catholic. The transition was scarcely perceptible—it was not a change: it was a life's work accomplished—the ripening of a life-long growth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LETTER TO DR. NEWMAN, HIS REPLY—LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM ABOUT THE ROSARY.

AFTER my dearest wife had become a Catholic, not only had her own difficulties passed out of her remarkably retentive mind as completely as if she had never had any, but the very existence of such was the greatest of all puzzles to her. I never can forget the child-like simplicity with which she said one day, in reference to some old friends whom she longed to bring into the Church:

"But I can't understand how it is that everyone doesn't see it."

One of the first things she did was to write a pamphlet for private circulation, as a sequel and final result of one previously written; but, owing to various causes of delay, it was not printed till November or December. The names of the two exactly express the different states of mind that dictated them, for the first was called "*Misgivings*,"

the second "*Convictions.*" Her reason for writing them is characteristic. Both were written for the sake of friends and relations, not for herself. An instinctive perception of whither she was tending led her to write the first, just as it led her at times to take the Catholic side in conversation with Protestants, which she did so well that Father Kelly used to say to her in joke, "Whom have you got under instruction now?"

She wrote the second for the purpose of setting before those whom it certainly concerned, whether they thought so or not, a few considerations that had influenced herself, and would not be likely to come before them except in that way. I fear it had not the effect she intended on those for whom it was written. A higher nature is seldom if ever able to influence a lower one in a Catholic direction. The lower one will either resent the influence, or escape it by attributing its force to personal qualities exclusively. Some were stolidly astonished, and took no particular impression of its contents. A few wrote kind and affectionate letters, expressing a real appreciation of her character and motives, but respectfully declining to take any account of either as regarded the merits of the case. Three or four composed small sermons, assuming that she had read nothing on the subject, except what had been written by the Bishop of Birmingham or Dr.

Newman, and recommending divers Protestant books, most of which she had read long before. Two only, and one was a very old friend, wrote letters that I will not characterize, for I could not do so without using language unsuited to the occasion that called them forth from the depths of their writer's—I had better say deficiencies.

This second pamphlet, as I said before, was not printed till November or December, but she was during that time engaged in translating "*Il Conforto dell'anima devota*," about which I shall have more to say farther on.

In the meanwhile, she was, of course, receiving instruction from her director, Father Kelly, and sometimes from the Bishop.

In the middle of September, about three weeks after she had been a Catholic, she wrote the following letter to Dr. Newman.

"Baddesley Clinton, Knowle, Warwickshire,
"September 18, 1875.

"Dear Doctor Newman,

"When I sent you a little printed paper of my 'Confessions,' two years ago, you expressed great sorrow, and that it pained you to read it. You will see, from what I now send you, that I have, thank God, been able gradually to see that I was wrong. It has been a long process, and has caused

me many most painfully sleepless nights and suffering days; but I know you will be kindly glad of the result.

"But I have been very ill, and am still so weak and nervous that I can do nothing. I hope you will, in your great kindness, send me a few lines which will help me to be satisfied that I have endeavoured to do right, and that you will pray that I may feel more and more peace, and always do what is most pleasing to God, and that I may be able to bear with patience the bitter censures of my old friends and dear relations.

"Heneage's new novel, 'Sherborne,' which is now going through the press, was, as you will see, in my little Confessions (which I send you under a separate cover) the chief cause, at last, of my seeing light. I will send you a copy of it as soon as it is published. I feel sure it will interest you very much.

"Your beautiful hymn, 'Lead kindly Light!' has, I am certain, helped me much, for I have repeated it several times in the dark painful nights for more than two years.

"Believe me, dear Doctor Newman, with sincere thanks for all your kindness,

"Yours most sincerely,

"G. CHATTERTON."

To this Doctor Newman wrote the following answer:

"The Oratory, September 20, 1875.

"My dear Lady Chatterton,

"You will easily understand how I rejoiced to read your letter this morning. You will be rewarded abundantly, do not doubt it, for the pain, anxiety, and weariness you have gone through in arriving at the safe ground and sure home of peace where you now are.

"I congratulate, with all my heart, the dear friends who surround you upon so happy a termination of their own anxieties and prayers.

"May God keep you ever in the narrow way, and shield you from all those temptations and trials by which so many earnest souls are wrecked.

"This is the sincere prayer of yours most truly,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"P.S.—Thank you for your Confession of Faith, which is most interesting to me."

On the 5th of October, the Bishop wrote the following letter in reply to some questions about the Rosary:—

"Birmingham, October 5, 1875.

"You will find an account of the Rosary in Butler's Lives of the Saints, Vol. X, on the 1st of October, that book of prodigious learning of all sorts, which Gibbon so highly commended for its accurate knowledge. If you have it not, you will find it at the convent—it is in all Catholic Libraries.

"The principle of the Rosary is very ancient. Beads were used as an instrument of prayer in the East before Christianity. The Fathers of the desert counted their prayers, in some recorded cases, with pebbles. But St. Dominic at the beginning of the 13th century gave it its present form. The *Paters* and *Aves*, attached to the beads, are but the body of the prayer; to get at the religious philosophy of the Rosary we must go to its soul. The soul of the Rosary is the meditation. To understand this you must have a little Manual of the Rosary, to be found in most prayer-books. There you will see that the Rosary is divided into three parts, and one of these parts is represented by the material Rosary, or string of beads. One part only being said at one time, as a rule. First is said the Creed, and three Our Fathers, represented by the large bead next the Cross and the three beads next it. Then come the mysteries of our Lord's Life—sufferings and triumph, which are the objects of meditation. The first part is the five joyful mysteries, put in two or

three sentences each in the manual to help the mind to its subject. Each of these is thought upon whilst saying one 'Our Father' holding the large bead, and ten 'Hail Marys,' holding in succession the ten little beads. Then the next mystery is taken in the same way, until the whole circle is completed. After which there is a little prayer. For the Five sorrowful mysteries of the Passion, the same round of beads is similarly used on another occasion. And so likewise the five glorious or triumphant mysteries.

"The body of the Rosary is the vocal Our Fathers and Hail Marys; its pith and soul is the meditation. The beads, as they are held in the fingers, give escape to nervous restlessness, and so leave the attention more free. Thus the weakness of a nervous, or restless, or extroverted mind is provided against. Many people can only think freely on a point when in action, walking for example: their nerves and senses must have employment to free the mind for concentration. The famous preacher who could only find his ideas flow when twisting a thread on his fingers is a case in point—his thread snapped, and his thinking stopped. The fingering of the beads and the vocal prayers do this function, disposing and freeing the mind for meditation. Human nature is very complex; and its complexity of activity, which is in the Rosary provided for, is the

source of those distractions that arise when we kneel inactive in body, and repeat customary vocal prayers. A little activity of the hands and a fixed object for reflection to animate our vocal prayer cures much of this distraction. A lady can think over her needle, who cannot think so well sitting still with unused hands.

"The Rosary was the Book of the unlettered before the ages of printing, which familiarized their hearts with the chief mysteries of the Gospel; it is excellent for two classes, those who like it, and those who don't like it. Millions of souls have been made contemplative and internally spiritual, in all classes, by its use, who without it could never have become so. As to those who don't like it because it is childish; I once gave a Rosary to a gentleman of high character, great attainments, and extraordinary shrewdness—a convert. I said, 'Say that for three months, and ask me no reason for it: after that you will give me, yourself, a good reason. He did so, and at the end of it he said; 'I understand. You wanted to pull down my pride, to make me simple-hearted and childlike, and to get into the habit of spiritual reflection. I shall never leave it off again.'

"Some people don't like to take the medicine that would heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense which cures an amazing

deal of nonsense. Call it spiritual homœopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it. Many a faddy spirit has been made patient by it. Many a queasy spirit has been made strong by it. Many a distracted spirit has been made recollected by it. 'The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong.'

"As to the relative number of Hail Marys, I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the interrogation of his Protestant fare—that one 'Our Father is worth ten Hail Marys any day.' There is a deeper solution. You will remember in Ivanhoe what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero on his bed of pain sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the Hail Marys. Through the pure and the tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our human weakness, you behold the life, acts, and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us; whilst we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and the Queen, by His Heavenly Throne. Wonderful is the Rosary! For its history see Butler's Lives of the

Saints. I give you its beautiful philosophy, for so St. John Chrysostom calls Christian Wisdom.

"Praying Our Lord to bless you,

"I remain,

"Your faithful servant in Christ,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM'S LETTER ON CEREMONIAL.

TOWARDS the end of October we went to Malvern Wells, and, on our way there, spent two very pleasant days at Spetchley Park, where she heard Mass for the first time (her health not permitting her to do so before), and where we met the Bishop. After remaining three weeks at Malvern Wells we returned to Baddesley. It had been our intention to go farther, and the plan of our journey was sketched out; but her protracted struggles against interior influences adverse to her aspirations, her nature, her happiness had undermined her health. It is not till the ship is safe in port that the damage done by wind and waves can be fully estimated.

The following letter was written after our return home.

"Birmingham, November, 19, 1875.

"Dear Lady Chatterton,

"Your letter and paper* reached me at Liverpool, where I have been preaching in a Benedictine church, on the Festival of All Saints of the Benedictine Order. On my return I was delayed to profess a Benedictine nun. I send for your amusement a pen and ink portrait of the sermon and preacher, which only proves how little a man, who only sees me once in a pulpit, can judge his, I will not say sitter, but stander. As to the timidity of which the portrait-writer speaks, I am afraid it sprang not so much from modest-mindedness as from shivering cold, especially as certain windows of the large church, being under repair, were not glazed. So now to your paper.

"The beginning is very good. When you get to the point of ceremonial, it may be well to take hold of the general principle. Ceremonial is a language, and the most expressive of all languages. Printing is a comparatively modern invention, but in all ages ceremonial, or the language of action, has entered into the religion of man, and that in all races and religious systems, until we come to the Puritanism of the last two centuries, when the Quakers alone succeeded in throwing off this mode of expression so natural to man. Yet

* "Convictions."

have they succeeded? On the contrary; by their dress, their form of keeping on their hats, their shunning titles, in all their formalism, they have stamped themselves a ceremonial people.

"With respect to other forms of Protestantism, it is a question of more or less, proportioned with great accuracy to the greater or less amount of doctrine retained. What is Baptism? What the Communion Service? What the position of the altar or communion-table, on which such a controversy is raging? What is standing, or kneeling, or confirming, or funeral rites, or bowing at the Sacred Name, which St. Paul commands? Or the burying the head in the hand or hat, on first entering a church and taking a seat or kneeling-place? What is all this but ceremonial? Man cannot express himself without it; and it is always in fact a question, not of the principle, but of more or less in practice. God Himself was the inventor of the ceremonial of the Old Law, and our Lord never does anything of importance without some significant action or gesture, which is ceremonial.

"Outside of Protestantism, there never was a religion, sect, or creed, Jewish, Christian, or Pagan, of which the centre was not sacrifice; and sacrifice is all action, with words as accompaniment. Nay, what are words but symbols, and symbols with

mouth articulated and features moving, to express the inward thought or emotion? And what are the printed letters of a Bible but the symbols once removed of those spoken words which the Spirit of God has expressed through the hand and pen of man? Which hands and pens, and the living bodies that moved them, are essentially in their action ceremonials.

"In our present compound state everything must come to us through sense, and both God and man speak to us through human symbols and ceremonials. God has given to us two modes of expressing ourselves, by words and by signs; and the signs are the most vivid language of the two. They compel us to speak with body and soul, and leave not the body inertly to resist the expression of the soul, but to go with it, and give us security that with our whole unresisting being we worship God or declare His Will. Whoever would reject ceremonial must not only stand stock still and refuse to speak, but, to be consistent, must even refuse the features expression, and the lips their movement. I am simply showing the absurdity of professing to reject a principle without the use of which you cannot even express what you would reject.

"But the great ceremonial of the Church gathers round the Sacrifice and Communion, of which we

have the whole ceremonial type in the Last Supper. What we see with faithful eyes, as Horace tells us, affects us more than what is addressed to the ears. Ceremonial speaks to the soul through the eyes, and in large churches all can read with their eyes what only a limited number can hear. Then what a language to those afflicted with deafness! they read the whole progress of the sacred rite with their sight.

Ceremonial is pre-eminently the language for multitudes assembled, and a universal religion must contemplate all, whether they can hear or read, or not. Of the two languages given by God to man, and ever used in conjunction by all the races of the earth in His worship (until Protestantism arose to reject the principle, but to retain the practice to a great degree) Protestantism has in principle rejected one, and that the most subjugating of body to soul — the language of action or ceremonial. Protestants have forgotten that ceremonial runs through the whole Scripture, from Genesis to the Book of Revelations. They have lost sight of the fact that the latter sublime Book has for its pictorial frame-work the array of the Church with its grand ceremonial around the Lamb standing on the Altar for ever slain, that is the Christian sacrifice. They forget in religion what Demosthenes says of oratory, that

is of expression, that the first, second, and third secret of success is action, action, action. They would bury, if they could, the soul in a dull, stupid, disobedient, lifeless body. This has made the British race of recent ages the half inanimate mortals that other nations pronounce them to be. But if I had never been able to use my eyes to construe your lively features, expressive lips, and kindly hands in their offer of kindnesses, I should never have read your soul; and if anti-ceremonialists would be consistent, all should be covered as to the face with veils, should hold their arms in tranquillity by their sides, and utter their sense in the purest vowels—the mere breathings of the soul.

"I have often regretted that we have not a little dictionary of the sense of ceremonial acts, and have often threatened to write one, but have not the time. This of course is an excursus for your own reading, but you may find out of it a few sentences for your *libretto.*

"By the way, I met a Welsh lady last week just entering the convent at Stone, who became a Catholic solely through testing the Protestant version of the New Testament by the Greek.

"In your final remarks on the corruption of priests, I think that, unintentionally, you leave the impression that this may be frequent, from

seeming to assume that the Protestant notion of it is correct, but needs vindication. A glance at it again, with its abrupt termination, will show what I mean. Falls are not only few, but rare, as they are in the New Testament. Protestants can have but little notion of the way in which a priest is guarded in his state of life. The long and pious training; the daily recital of the Divine Office, mostly taken from Holy Scripture, and the greater part consisting of the Psalms; the fixed hour of meditation; the use of the confessional; the strict canonical discipline that surrounds the priest's life; all these are perpetual helps, supports, and guards against human weakness. Then will these good Protestant souls who are ever talking of grace be pleased to remark that a vocation to the priesthood implies an extraordinary gift of grace from the Holy Spirit, and that grace, unless much abused, is stronger than nature. Nay, I may add that those reserved manners, so offensive to the Protestant mind, are the outcome of that internal self-control and caution become natural, through long training from youth and habit, which, however artificial it may look to those who have no key to it, is the necessary accompaniment of the sacerdotal character. Our Lord said to them *de mundo non estis*, and no one ought, if he be a Christian, to

be shocked that their life, and therefore their manners, are not those of the world.

"My concluding remark is that a profession of faith cannot be fairly grounded without some reference to the Church as the Divine institution of Christ, the holder of His authority, and His witness to mankind. The question recently put to Lord Redesdale, but left without a reply, is the true touchstone of faith. 'Is the Church of Christ divine in its authority?' Did the Incarnate Truth establish the authority to last for ever, or like Moses did He point to its fall and reformation? And if so, did He point, as Moses pointed, to some one who should come, some other Divine One, who should reform His work as Christ reformed the Law of Moses? If so, who is that Divine One? Whence came He? By what signs should we know Him? And has His work become divine in its authority, whereas the work established by Christ must have failed? There is one Church of Christ, with one truth, taught by one authority, received by all, believed by all within its pale; or there is no security for faith. If we examine our Lord's words and acts, such a Church there is. If we follow the inclinations of our fallen nature, ever averse to the control of authority, we there find the reason why so many who love this world receive not

the authority that He planted to endure, like His primal creation, to the end.

"It is pleasant to human pride, and independence to be a little god, having but oneself for an authority, and a light and a law from oneself to oneself.

"But does this, or does it not, contradict the fact that we are dependent beings, and that the Lord He is God? This spirit of independence, with self-sufficiency for its basis, and rebellion for its act, is just what Sacred Scripture ascribed to Satan. And as we expect the character of God, that is a superior and unquestionable Authority in the work that emanates from Him (God) and leads to God; so must we expect the character of Satan, that is to say, self-sufficiency and independence, in whatever has been inspired by him, and leads in his direction.

"But all this is not for your paper, only something about the Church as Christ's Witness and authority to man for His Truth and His requirements.

"Praying our Lord to keep you.

"I remain, dear Lady Chatterton,

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIRST MASS IN THE OLD CHAPEL AT BADDESLEY CLINTON, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SIXTY YEARS—THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM'S LETTER ON FEELING AND WILL.

AFTER our return her health appeared to be improving, but she thought differently. She felt convinced that she should die in the coming year, and she told the Bishop so when he came to see us at Christmas, but begged him not to mention it to us. She did not tell me so. Yet she often mentioned the subject in such a way that it would seem impossible to have misunderstood it. Still I never realized the danger till I was struck down suddenly.

When the Bishop left us, she drove him to the Station as usual. After he had said good-bye, and gone into the Station to wait for the arrival of the train, she sent the servant to call him back once more, and kneeling down in the carriage, she asked him to give her his blessing, and said:—

"How can I thank you enough for all that you have done for me!" The Bishop took her little fingers in his own, and with one of them made the sign of the Cross on her forehead. This paternal action broke down the last bulwarks of reserve—from that moment she was a Catholic outwardly as well as in heart, and never hesitated to make the sign of the Cross in public.

Soon after Christmas Day, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the old domestic chapel at Baddesley Clinton, after an interval of sixty years, by our kind friend Monsignor Virtue. Lord Gainsborough was also staying with us at that time. As we were not yet provided with what was necessary, Monsignor Virtue brought with him a chalice, vestments, altar stone, &c.

She had at first thought of building a new chapel over an enclosed space inside the Court, and even sketched the plan. It could not be outside, on account of the moat; moreover, she wished it to be where everyone must see it on entering the Court. It would have been an act of Faith written in stone; but the restoration of the old chapel leaves a deeper mark. It is founded in the history of the past, hallowed by the former presence of martyrs and confessors, and it bridges over the broken continuity of the Holy Sacrifice in an

ancient Catholic house that never had an apostate owner.

During the Bishop's visit at Christmas, she had expressed to him her fears that she loved human beings, especially one, more than she loved God, and in order to demonstrate that it was not so, he wrote the following letter.

"Birmingham, December 29, 1875.

"Dear Lady Chatterton,

"*Feeling* and *Will* are, in their nature, distinct one from the other, and very often act independently of each other. How many feelings do we have that we wish we had not. In such cases the feelings go one way, and the will another. The subject in which our feelings, or sensibilities, reside, is our senses both external and internal, both of body and soul; the subject in which our love resides is our *will*. Hence, feelings are various and complicated, but love is simple.

"The Will is the central and sovereign power in us, and what we will, that we love; what we will, that morally we are; whether the exercise of our will, that is of our love, be accompanied with sensible feelings of pleasure or not. The will can only act towards one object, and the nature of the object towards which our will is moved determines the nature of our love and its moral

character. Love is concerned with what is good, and every object that we love we represent to ourselves as a good: even when we love what is evil, we first delude ourselves with the notion that it is good.

"The greater the amount of real objective good is in the objective of our love, all the nobler is our love, and all the more reasonable. It is the nobleness of the object of our love that ennobles us in our love. In loving God, the one supreme, all perfect good, and source of all good, in whatever kind of good, we reach the end of all desires, and join ourselves to the Eternal Good, and find the resting place of our soul. This is the secret of our soul's peace. 'My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth it do I give it unto you.' The love of God above all things and in all things brings us peace, because it brings us to the object of our soul, to the end of the soul's desires; to that divine Good for which the soul is created. For the soul in herself is the created spiritual recipient of good, to which the light of truth leads her on. Truth alone is not the Good, but the luminous reflection and image of Good, let into our mind to awaken up our heart to love the Good, of which Truth is the harbinger and forerunner. Light is of the mind; but love is of the will. And the love of

God is called *Charitas, Charus amor*, because it is the appreciative love of the Best.

"In Heaven, love and sense are one, the will and the joy are inseparable, because there is the vision of the Supreme Good: there nothing distracts the spiritual sense from the Eternal beauty, and life, and love of us, on which the will is set. 'We shall see Him as He is.' And 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

"But 'in this world we walk by Faith, and not by vision,' and 'we see darkly, as through a glass in a mystery.' This is the trial of love, and the crucifixion of love, and the purgation of love. For, as St. Augustine says, 'God would have us love Him as He deserves, before we see Him as He is. We must love Him in faith, without the joys of the sense of an overwhelming love; love Him with the appreciative love and cleaving of our will, whether our nature swims contentedly and pleasurably on with our will, or is heavy, dull, and irresponsive in so far as we have any sense of it.

"But remember this, for it is all-important, that the greater the reluctance of nature to follow our will with enjoyment, so long as the will seeks God, the greater is the actual love of the will, by reason

of its working against the weight of our dull, corrupt, and irresponsive animality. When our Divine Lord came to His agony in Gethsamane, the sacred type and example of all the true lovers of God began to be weary, and heavy, and sorrowful, and sad. The Divine Victim and scape-goat of our sins bore upon Himself, all innocent and pure, the iniquities of the world and their punishment, and this was the human effect, and a bitter portion of the penance. But whilst His Divine Soul was in this sorrow, bitterness, and joylessness, did He love the Father less or more? Certainly more; for the work of His human will, devoid of all human joy in loving, was immeasurably greater. The love was then all in the pure will, and not at all in sense. 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, yet not as I will, but as Thou.'

"Remember this also, because it touches the root of the question. The end of our love of God is not to please ourselves, but to please God, so long as we are in this life of trial. But all that sensible sweetness in loving is the pleasing ourselves. Nevertheless, God sometimes gives us joy in loving Him, to encourage and draw us on. At other times He gives us the drier graces of love, lest we should take too much delight in the sense of love, and so in the sense of self which is apt to degenerate into self-love, and so into the elation of

pride, by which we lose the grace and the progress in the true and pure love of God. These alternations belong to the providence of Divine Grace, treating us as the wayward children we are; now encouraraging us with sweet things and loving smiles, now checking us with a drier countenance and more austere fare, lest we grow elated and presume of ourselves. For grace has two functions to accomplish in us, to heal our pride as well as to perfect our love. And love can only grow upon the lessening and lowering of our pride. Self-love, which is the fount of our pride, cannot consist in one with our love of God. With this preparation I come to the point of your question. Even humanly speaking and putting the wicked aside, whose souls are buried in sensuality and self-conceit, the love that we most feel is not our highest and most perfect love. The love of a most dear friend, or of one yet more closely united to us, is a love in which not only the will, but all the senses, inward and outward, are engaged; there all the sensibilities flow together with the will. Here, if anywhere, is joy in loving. And where the love is pure and holy, still nature and grace move in one and the same direction. And yet a love that is purely of the will, and is divested of all this sensible pleasure, reigns supreme over it, and when the emergency comes, it will

reveal its power; and that is the love of truth and of justice. Let the one beloved gravely violate these principles, and, however painful, however much of a martyrdom, we find that we can be prompt in asserting this love in the dry will, above the whole of our sensible love of the person who violates them. The love of truth, which has but little of sensibility in it, and the love of justice, which has less, assert their supremacy over all that strongly sympathetic affection.

"But why do we love truth and justice above all our sensible loves, except that they are God's truth, and God's justice, to which we are subject, and without which everything runs to disorder, trouble, and chaos. God is truth, God is justice, and moreover God is goodness. God and good are the same word variously spelt. God is *the* Good, the nature and the source of good in Himself first, then in all by communication. Truth is the reflection of that good, the splendour radiating from it. Justice is the order of that Good, the Good itself, or God is the All-being, the All-life, the All-joy, from which is every life, and every pure or real joy, peaceful without alloy or tribulation. Pure spirit, without gross body with its gross senses, because infinitely perfect —pure spirit alone can taste Him perfectly. To taste God perfectly then, the spirit must first be purified. And this is a work of labour and self-

abnegation. For 'the body which is corrupted, weigheth upon the soul, and oppresseth the sense whilst musing in many things.' Here is the whole complicated obstacle to the soaring of the soul with delight to the One Supreme Good in whom we find all those things in perfection which we so eagerly seek for through our senses, in the world around us, in the world outside of us, and in the world of letters, that reflects the endless multiplicity of the extern world.

"But there is only one point of communication between God and us. For although He is everywhere, He is not everywhere to us. There is but one point of communication between God and us, and that is the centre of our own soul. 'The Kingdom of God is within you,' says our Lord to us. The Church preaches faith, and hope, and love to us, and in the sacraments brings to us their graces; but it is God who through His Word touches us inwardly with the light of faith, and raises our hope and desire of the Supreme Good that the light of faith presents to us. And how have we the sense of God? Loving Him above all things, with His Spirit He gives the remote and veiled touch to the centre of our spirit, and then we joy in Him.

"But if we live not in our own interior, where for us is the kingdom of God, where is the place

of God's communion with us, how can we have the consolation and peace of charity, that is the sensible union of our heart with God? Multiplicity of external solicitudes and pursuits, and evagation of our mind into all sorts of minds, must take off the heart from God. 'Turn to me, and I will turn to you,' is the admonition of the Holy Spirit in the Scripture. Our God is a jealous God, because He loves us and wants our love. And hence again the Divine admonition, 'My child, give me thy heart.' The order of love is the order of life. When the love of God is supreme in us, then every other love partakes in this Divine love, becomes exalted, purified, and sanctified. For this is the grandeur of Divine charity, that it draws all loves into the Divine love, and regulates them all. Then we love our neighbour, in whatsoever degree of propinquity, in God and for God, and so we love God in him. For this is the grand double law of Catholic charity, that whilst we love God, and are subject to God, we likewise love God in our neighbour, and are subject to God in being humble to our neighbour. We love in them what is of God, and are subject to them in what is of God, and all this is referred to God, and not merely to the creature as such. Then we learn to see God's side, which is the beautiful side in all persons.

"The test of love is not feeling, but obedience.

'If you love Me, keep my commandments.' Then the love of God devours our self-love, and our susceptive sensitiveness. The great nourishers of Divine love are the Sacrifice, the Sacraments, and Prayer. The Sacrifice is the mystery of eternal love, the most costly of all the works of love which opens for us the way to heaven. For what other way is there for us, except through Jesus Christ, our dear Lord and Redeemer crucified. The sacraments flow from that sacrifice, and bring its graces home to us; and prayer is the exercise of subjection and of love. Yet what prayers can approach that prayer in which we are joined to our Lord in His sacrifice, where with strong cry and tears He offers the propitiation for our sins, and opens His wounds from which to pour the life of His love upon us!

"Until we get the habit of often lifting our hearts to God, not merely at fixed times of prayer, but at all times and in all places and companies, as St. Paul advises, "in every place lifting up pure hands to God,' as our Lord admonishes, 'Pray always, pray without ceasing,' we shall never reach the joys of life, we shall never understand how sweet this present life may be. There may be many failures, destroying many conceits; but with patient effort, trusting in God, this blessed habit is won at last. Then is found what that wonderful

book, second only in its inspiration to the Holy Scriptures, the *Following of Christ*, tells us. 'Blessed is he who sees all things in one, and to whom all things are one. Oh my God, make me one with Thee in eternal love.'

"Not feeling, but desire, is the true test of love. What we desire that we love, what we desire intensely, that we intensely love. What we willingly obey, and to what we willingly subject ourselves, to that we give all proofs of love. Not what we feel, but what we do, is the manifestation of our love. Feelings change in this mortal state, but the works of love endure.

"Praying our Lord to give you abundance of His love, and of the works of love,

"I remain dear Lady Chatterton,

"Yours very faithfully,

"W. B. Ullathorne.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BISHOP'S LAST LETTER TO HER.

"Birmingham, January 6, 1876.

"DEAR Lady Chatterton,

"Your points are three; 1st.—'How can I feel sure that, having had so many advantages beyond others, and yet having sinned, I shall not incur eternal punishment?' 2nd.—'How can those who have met with nothing but hatred, whilst I have met but love, comprehend the God of love?' 3rd.—'I have had a high standard, and have felt most deficient, finding all others better than myself?'

"The light of order requires that we take the second of these propositions first. The love we receive from our fellow-creatures, however excellent, is not the source of our love of God, nor can it be so in the nature of things. If they are animated with the love of God, and we are in sympathy with them, *in that respect* they may be

the means of awakening in us, or of keeping alive in us, the disposition to love God. But the love of God springs in us from a divine principle and force, the gift of the grace of charity which our Lord has purchased for us with His Blood, and which is an operation of the Holy Spirit in our soul, acting upon our will, energizing it, lifting it above the order of nature, and setting it with affection and desire upon God as the Supreme Good in Himself, and as our supreme good. Here is the true philosophy of life. The power to love God, who first loved us, descends from God; and we, working with that grace, give ourselves in love to God. The love which our fellow-mortals give to us, and we to them, is either a human love, which goes not beyond the powers of nature, and then it is the love of benevolence; or it is taken up into the love of God, so that we are loved, not merely for our own sake, but also for God's sake, whose children we are, and then it is the love of Charity which sanctifies and pervades the entire human love, and raises it to a supernatural order, having present reward and the reward to come. Such love, when accompanied with prayer for the one beloved, does much to obtain the grace of love, or its increase, for the one beloved, provided that one is not proud to resist the visitation of God.

"But it by no means follows that those who are the most loved, even by good and holy people, in this world, are those who most love God. Too much manifestation of love, especially to the young and wayward, is often injurious to their spirit, giving rise to much self-consciousness, self-love, and all the spiritual evils that flow from these dispositions of the heart. Everybody understands what is meant by a 'spoilt child.' The old Arab chief spoke with a paternal heart when he said: 'Many sons have I: it is not befitting that I should smile upon them.' I knew a prudent and holy mother who had a large family, but she had one son among them who, though very affectionate, could never receive any marked expression from her without an elation that threw him off his balance and did him harm; and to him she durst not reveal much of her affection. This is but one of many examples in human nature. It does not therefore follow that those who are most loved of men love God most. Nor does it come out that those whom God loves most, are those who love God most, or we should all without exception love God very much. Nor do all respond to the graces they receive to lead them to the love of God.

"There is another way of love. It was the way of the one perfect man—the way of the Man-

God, the way of St. Paul, the way of all the martyrs and saints; and that is the royal way of the cross. St. Paul tells the Philippians, 'To you it is given by Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for Him.' And he says: 'If we suffer with Him, we shall also be glorified with Him.' But one of the greatest of human crosses or sufferings is that in which we are opposed, contradicted, and even hated by those to whose love we deem ourselves entitled. And our Lord prepared us for this when He said, 'You shall be hated of all men for my sake.' And again, 'These things I command you, that you love one another. If the world hate you, you know that it first hated Me. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' Here is a grand providential order in which God draws good out of evil for His elect lovers. By the opposition and even hatred of the children of this world, the children of God become crucified to the world, and the world to them. The blandishments of life soften and weaken our soul in its hold on God; its rebuffs and crucifixions brace us inwardly and throw us upon God. Even the Saints have often, with purest intentions, misunderstood each other, and have tried, opposed,

and contradicted each the other. For God, when He loves a soul much, is sure to crucify that soul where it is most sensitive. These things purge the spirit, cut down its conceits, humble its pride, drive it for refuge to God, and purify it for purer visitations of the Holy Spirit. Love is from God, and returns to God, and the Cross purifies our natural affections, that we may love God the more. Even our own bodily and mental pains, when resignedly accepted and endured in union with our Lord's sufferings, both purify as a true cross, and increase our love of God in the offering of them. Love of God and the Cross are inseparable, and so far from being opposed to the love of God, what we suffer from our neighbours in faith of the Cross augments our love of God as well as of our neighbour, even our neighbour who afflicts us.

"2nd.—The next point in the order of light will be your third.

"The light of God in our mind contains that truth which is the standard of what we ought to be. It would be very bad for us, very bad indeed, if we did not see and feel that we are very far below the standard set before us. To imagine ourselves equal to it would be the consummation of pride. Whereas the very nature of humility is this, that it is the confession of what of ourselves

we in truth are. 'The reason,' says St. Vincent of Paul, 'why God loves humility so much is this, that He loves truth; and humility is nothing but truth.' It is the acknowledgment of the vileness of our nature of itself, as seen in the light of God, and that of ourselves we can do nothing, unless what God works in us to do. 'I can do nothing of myself,' says St. Paul, 'but I can do all things in Him that strengthens me.' And again he says, 'I see a law in my members warring against the law in my mind (the standard), so that what I would I do not, and what I would not that I do. Unhappy man that I am: who will deliver me from the body of this death? The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"We feel our own restless, petulant, discontented nature, with its endless crossing of desires and aspirations, now up, now down, now sinking into our bodily pains, wants, and cravings, now ascending into contemplation of supernal truth; now drawing our desires out of their entanglement in the senses and carrying them upwards in search of our Supreme God and consolation. And then we see in 'the law of our mind' the standard or form revealed to us in the Revelation of our Lord, of a law of life which is perfect in order, justice, peace, and eternal love. In short we feel our nature, its weakness of its remembered

offences, and its incapacity of itself to reach eternal good things. But it is also a part of humility, and therefore of truth, to know what God does for us and to confess His gifts; and if we do not, we proudly appropriate them as if they were our own good qualities. And this is consummate pride, which stays their flow into us. Therefore God leaves to us the sense of our own wretchedness, and of what we are by nature, and we feel ourselves, more than we feel the gift of God working in us, that we may not presume, and that we may be kept humble and at a distance from self-conceit. And even when our sins are removed by the Divine Grace, the sense of their consequences in us remains to keep us from that pride which separates from God, and that, hating ourselves and finding nothing lovely there, we may turn from self to God, in Him to find all order, justice, beauty, rest, and peace. God scourges us away from the world to Himself by outward crosses, and He scourges us away from loving ourselves by the inward cross of our nature, that we may perforce love Him, finding nothing to love in ourselves. The cross brings humility, humility opens our soul towards God, and this same humility is the recipient of that grace of love which God only gives to humble souls. But unless by devotion we con-

vert our humiliation into humility, it turns like soured fruit into pride and revolt. But if in anything you have good will, or good desire, or movements of faith, of hope, or of charity, or prayer, or do any good whatever for God's sake, know that it is God who moves you to it, and confess the gift of God. For this is humility, and faith, and worship. For St. Paul says, 'It is God who worketh in you both to will and to perfect according to His good will.' Judge not then what you are of God by what you are of yourself; but in what you are of yourself be humble, and in what you are of God be thankful.

"How can anyone having the light of Christ think any other really worse than himself? To form true judgment of any soul, we must have the sum of all these elements of knowledge before us. We need to know the chain of all his lights from beginning to end, the chain of all his training, the chain of all his providences, the chain of all his opportunities, the chain of all his helps and graces, the chain of all his acts, thoughts, desires, and motives, and the chain of all his temptations. But what know we of the interior history of anyone except ourselves? What again do we know of the native interior character of any soul except our own, or of the trials of that body to that soul? We know some of the external acts of another, something per-

haps also of his external conditions; but there our knowledge ends. We know no one by their interior and its course of life but ourselves. We have vast evidence of our own weakness and sinfulness against light and grace; but we cannot judge another except superficially. Therefore, God commands us to judge and sentence ourselves, but not to judge another. 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.' We cannot do it without enormous presumption. But, as far as we can have evidence, each one must see, if he see himself in God's light, that he has no reason whatever to think anyone worse than himself. St Paul says, 'He came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief.' He saw his own misery, he could not so see the misery of any other man. And David, contemplating himself in the light of God, says, 'I am brought exceedingly low, I am as nothing before Thee, and I knew it not; I am as a beast of burden before Thee, yet I am always with Thee."

"Every Saint has proclaimed the same truth of him or herself, ever each one accounting themselves the greatest of sinners, because they judged themselves by what they knew of themselves, and by what they knew not of anyone else besides. Yet all the while they took refuge from themselves in God, loved Him exceedingly, and

looked for that happy deliverance from the body of sin when God should transform their nature and make it like unto His glory.

"I am now prepared by what goes before for your first point. There is no eternal suffering for those who have faith, hope, and charity; no, never for those who believe, who hope and who love God. Whatever sins one may have committed, and against whatever light, and under whatever circumstances, the change of the heart, with the grace of the sacraments, removes them all. Such is the power of the Divine mystery of Redemption. The grace of Jesus brought home to our souls removes our sins, although for our humiliation their memory remains, as well as for keeping us watchful and penitent.

"'Preach the Gospel to every creature, he who believeth not shall be condemned.' This is our Lord's injunction to the Church. And 'By faith we are saved,' is the doctrine of St. Paul. 'No one ever hoped in God and was confounded,' is again the teaching of the Holy Spirit. And our Lord says, 'If any love me, my Father will love him, and We will come to him and take up our abode with him.' Faith, hope, and charity are the conditions of salvation; and although we have not that absolute certainty which is metaphysical or mathematical, for that

is not in the nature of the case, yet may we have every moral probability that we are in the grace of God, and that we have faith, hope, and charity. Faith is to believe, without doubting, all that God has revealed to the Church, and that the Church proposes to our belief. 'If he hear not the Church,' says our Lord, 'let him be accounted as the heathen and the publican.' Well, we do believe the revelation of God proposed by the Church. This is the first guarantee that we are in the grace of God. For it is the grace of God which illuminates our mind, and moves our heart to believe. Hope is the assured trust that through the help of God we shall receive the good things of eternal life. St. Paul says, 'By hope we are saved.' The principle of this hope or trust is the Divine Grace moving us to exercise this hope; and we surely know whether we put our trust in God's goodness, mercy, and fidelity to His promises through the merits of our Lord's death and passion.

"Charity is the love of God above all things, and of our neighbour for the love of God, and surely if we seek God, and worship Him as He has prescribed, and keep His commandments, we have every proof that we love Him.

"Why then should we torture ourselves with vain fears and idle comparisons, which occupy us with ourselves, and trouble us, and disturb our peace, and take us off from God to ourselves? All this implies a secret trust in oneself, weakening our trust in God. How is it to be remedied? By passing at once, by an elevation of our heart from ourself to God, and making an act of hope and trust in Him. 'All my hope is in Thee; let me never be confounded.' 'O Lord, I believe in Thee; do Thou strengthen my faith. I hope in Thee; do Thou increase my trust. I love Thee with my whole heart; teach me to love Thee more and more.'

"When troubling thoughts arise, when the old man within us tries to assert his own and to claim our confidence, when the devil tempts us to keep within oneself and to nurse our fears and discontents, an elevation of the heart to God, an aspiration or two, the giving up of our attention to the Divine presence and the Divine help, works two effects; it takes off our attention from our troubling thoughts, which can only feed upon our attention given to them, and it brings down life and peace from God. 'Turn to me, and I will turn to you. And if your sins be as red as scarlet, I will make them as

white as snow.' This is the secret of the spiritual combat, and the way to peace, that peace which is the assured sign and token of God's presence with us. 'The justice of God is sown in peace.' Fight no fear or troubling thought directly; that is to enter into it, and to foster it, and to get entangled in its coils; but turn to God, dwell on Him, and the trouble drops off for want of the attention on which it feeds.

"If another quarrel with us, and we enter into the quarrel, we lose our temper, our peace, and our very spirit, and, falling below ourself, we do and say many foolish things. If we keep our spirit above, and fix our mind on God, we keep our peace, and perhaps after a time win our quarrelsome neighbour. There are two within us, the inferior man of the old Adam, and the superior man of the new Adam, who is Christ. Now the inferior man is very apt to quarrel with the superior man—that inferior man, I mean, who is all made of bodily sense and imagination. He sends up all sorts of fears, remonstrances, heats, and fantasies against our superior man, or spirit cleaving to God. He wants the whole superior man's love and attention for himself, and in that inferior man it is that the devil works, for he can never work

in the substance of our spirit without our free consent. To enter into the inferior man's quarrel is just what in his self-love he wants: then we come down to his level and live in his trouble. But if we keep our spirit up in its lawful superiority, fix it in prayer on God, and cling to the eternal source of our faith, hope, and charity, then the inferior man with all his troubling and disturbing suggestions loses his power over our spirit, and that spirit, however tried, neither loses peace nor hope, but finds its life and hope in loving God, and in cleaving to Him. 'They who adhere to God are one spirit,' and peace of heart is the testimony that God is in his heart. So St. Paul says: 'What shall separate us from the love of God?' And then he enumerates every cause of separation, and is confident in his trust that neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, shall separate him from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

"Praying our Lord to bless you and all at Baddesley Clinton.

"I remain, dear Lady Chatterton,

"Your faithful servant in our Lord,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

She worked at the translation of the "Conforto

dell' anima divota" to the last. Her health was apparently variable at one time, making me vaguely anxious, at another seeming to improve; but in reality her life was fading away.

On the 5th of February she was better than she had been at all since we went to Malvern Wells. That evening she really seemed herself again, and joyous as a child, bright and sparkling as a crystal fountain in the sunlight. The last thing she did before going upstairs was to look at and arrange some pieces of old painted glass that she had put together for the purpose of seeing whether they would be suitable for the chapel. Between one and two o'clock she complained of a sudden pain in her head, and as her appearance alarmed us, I sent for the priest and the doctor. The Priest, Father McCarten, came without a moment's delay. The distance is a mile. He was in the house within half-an-hour of the time when I sent off the message to him. The Poor Clares had just entered their choir to say matins, when they heard quick steps hurrying into the church. Then they heard the tabernacle door unlocked, and knew that it was the priest who had come for the blessed Sacrament. They at once began prayers for the dying, and thus it happened that the nuns whom she loved so well, were praying for her in the last moments of her life on earth.

She was unable to receive the Holy Viaticum. Father McCarten waited a little to see if it would be possible, and then gave her extreme unction. She had asked for her Rosary, and tried to say it. She was very calm, and evidently did not suffer, more especially after having been anointed, when her breathing became so gentle and so regular that she appeared to be sleeping, and for a while I had a very faint hope that she might sleep off the attack. But her pulse grew weaker, the expression of her countenance more and more spiritual, more and more detached from earth. I might have known that her beautiful soul was passing away to its rest.

About three o'clock her pulse had ceased to beat. It was the only evidence of her death.

"Non come fiamma che per forza è spenta,
Ma che per se medesma si consume,
Se n' andò in pace l' anima contenta:
A guisa d' un soave e chiaro lume,
Cui nutrimento a poco a poco manca;
Tenendo al fin il suo usato costume.
Pallida no, ma più che neve bianca,
Che senza vento in un bel colle fiocchi
Parea posar come persona stanca.
Quasi un dolce dormir ne' suoi begli occhi,
Essendo 'l spirito già da lei diviso,
Era quel, che morir chiaman li sciocchi.
Morte bella parea nel suo bel viso."

* * * * *

The doctor came soon afterwards: it could not be said that he was too late, for the case did not fall within the compass of his art, or the scope of his science. It was the adorable Will of Almighty God to take her from this world in the bloom of her settled faith and the ripeness of her soul.

The beauty of her countenance in death will not be forgotten by those who witnessed it. When I saw her for the last time in this world, her expression was unchanged, her cheeks were soft and full, her fingers as pliant as in life, and there was a fresh aromatic odour as of Spring-flowers mingled with incense. This was never absent, but sometimes it seemed as if waves of that strange perfume were passing through the air. In the chapel, when she was taken there in her coffin six days afterwards, there was the same perfume, even stronger than before. I am simply recalling a fact that was noticed by many, one of them a singularly matter-of-fact Catholic squire of the old school. He thus wrote to a cousin:

"She looked so beautiful after death, and her limbs and flesh never became rigid, but were supple and fragrant, so like what we read of the Saints."*

* Letter of Marmion Edward Ferrers to Mrs. S. Chatterton.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LETTERS FROM THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM, THE VERY REV. DR. NEWMAN AND OTHERS—REST—CONCLUSION.

THE number of kind and sympathizing letters that I received within the next few days was very great, and I should be unfaithful to the truth did I not quote some of them, at least in part. Dr. Newman wrote:

"The Oratory.

"My dear Mr. Dering,

"I have felt for you very much. There are wounds of the spirit which never close—and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to Him, and to prevent us leaving Him, by their very perpetuity. Such wounds then may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverance to the end. As she has now passed the awful stream which we all have to ford, and

is safe, so in the fact of having been taken from you, she seems to give you an intimation that you are to pass it safely also, when your time comes, and are to meet her again then for ever. Your losing her here is thus the condition of your meeting her hereafter.

"This is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavement. I lost last year my dearest friend unexpectedly. I never had so great a loss. He had been my life, under God, for thirty-two years. I don't expect the wound will ever heal, but from my heart I bless God, and would not have it otherwise, for I am sure that the bereavement is one of those Divine Providences necessary for my attaining that heavenly Rest which he, through God's mercy, has already secured.

"So cheer up, and try to do God's Will in all things according to the day, as I pray to be able to do myself.

"Yours most sincerely,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Father Walker of Kenilworth wrote:—

"Her dear soul was ever yearning and aspiring after what was true and beautiful and pure, as

every line of her writings testifies. Her very lingering for a time outside the portals of the Church was owing to the intense fear and dread she had of whatever appeared to her at the time in the least degree contrary to truth and holiness.

* * * * *

The Bishop of Birmingham wrote:

"Birmingham, February 7, 1876.

"My dear Mr. Dering,

"I was unwilling to obtrude upon your first pains after the wound of separation. But now as your Bishop and your affectionate friend I venture to do so. You know that from the time of our acquaintance I have had a true regard for, and have taken a genuine interest in your departed companion. You know likewise that what I am now writing comes from both heart and head. Notwithstanding the desolation that comes upon such a privation, and that so sudden, you have much to console you and for which to thank God.

"I know what your solicitation has been, and your prayers for her conversion. And God has answered them. You know what an accumulated load of early and acquired prejudice she had to

throw from off her naturally simple and single mind, what quantities of the scales of false knowledge she had to detach from her, and what importunities of assiduous friends she had to repel. Well, God enabled her to do all that, and with agonized efforts to bring her mind and heart to the Church and to God. Her state of soul must be measured by all the intellectual and moral ligatures from which she had to break, and by all the habits of life which she had to reverse, and that in her suffering state of health.

"You cannot but be conscious that God has employed you as his chief instrument to bring about her union with the Church of the Saints. She spoke freely to me on that point, and with great simplicity and fervour of affection.

"We are not to judge her as if she had been a trained Catholic. God visited her—she opened her heart; grace entered into it, and she strove on towards greater light, and practise of the Catholic faith, which had become seated within her soul. When I last came over to Baddesley, it was to say now the truth (though I made another excuse at the time) principally to see how she was progressing—hoping to help her if needed. I then saw that she had broken her shyness about the outward expression of her faith, and was hearty in it—and I was satisfied. I saw that all was coming by

degrees from the interior to the exterior, and that when on parting from her in the carriage on my previous visit, she sent for me back, expressed to me her gratitude, knelt down and asked my blessing, and I made a cross on her brow with my finger, a shell had been broken.

"She had a strong feeling that she would die this year—are not such impressions such as guardian angels make? She was therefore weaning herself from her old world, and looking forward. Her asking for the Rosary was as complete an act of Catholic Faith as could be made: it placed her departure under the Blessed Mother's protection. And she received the unction of Christ's death in the last of His Divine Sacraments.

"How kind and how charitable she was! and how her heart was set after her conversion on benefitting religion! That you know best, but it is worthy to be recalled.

"I think from me all this will give you consolation. May her dear soul rest in that light and peace of God for which she craved, and which God gives to all His children who seek Him with desire.

"Always your affectionate friend,

"W. B. ULLATHORNE."

On Friday afternoon the Bishop came; also Father Walker from Kenilworth, and Father Morrall, O.S.B. On Saturday morning they all said Mass in our chapel. Father Kelly and many more priests, nearly twenty, arrived, and the Requiem Mass was sung at eleven o'clock.

"The day was beautiful for the funeral, one emblematic of the departed; for nature refused to put on mourning, as though it said 'Lament not for One in bliss.' Every twig and blade of grass was robed in white, and glistened in the sunshine—the fir trees were one mass of frosted silver, and only slight tints of their dark green foliage were visible to distinguish them from other trees. Nature seemed not to mourn, but to put on its best attire, and though we all did indeed deeply mourn, we had a peaceful joy respecting her happiness, which is our consolation now."*

This was on the 13th day of February—the Feast, on that year, of the Commemoration of the Immaculate Conception. To read the Bishop's letter again on that subject was one of the last acts of her life, and she expressed strongly the consolation she had derived from it. I think it was during his last visit to her at Christmas, that he was telling us of a beautiful appearance that had been seen a month or two previously at York by

* Letter of Marmion E. Ferrers to Mrs. S. Chatterton.

two or three little children, returning home from the convent school. They saw a brilliant light, glowing like a fire, shining behind the stems of some trees: as they watched, the light gradually rose above the trees and they saw, as they said, a beautiful vision which they knew to be our Blessed Lady, although the face was so bright they could not distinguish the features. Her arms were extended downwards as she is represented on the medals of the Immaculate Conception. There was a ring of light round her head with a few stars in it, and the quarter of a moon under her feet. While they gazed in wonder and delight the vision rose up slowly, and gradually vanished in the sky.

She often alluded afterwards to the description of this vision, and obtained from the convent the full particulars of what the children had seen. On one of those last days she said, as if half to herself: "I wonder why our Blessed Lady appeared,"—and then added softly with a far-off look in her eyes, "perhaps it was for me."

During the celebration of the Requiem Mass the Bishop preached a sermon that never can be forgotten by those who heard it, and least of all by myself. The impression I received cannot even be weakened by time, so long as I am able to remember anything at all. I will not venture to

repeat his words from memory, nor could I do so. When the heart is most deeply impressed by the effect of words, the mind is least able to retain the words themselves; for an impression on the heart is one and indivisible, whereas words necessitate sequence and distinction. I do indeed remember one sentence in something remotely like his own words, because they are essential to a clear remembrance of what they expressed. After speaking of the beautiful simplicity of her character and her large charity, he said that her whole life had been a preparation for the reception of the truth, and he compared her to the exquisite and delicate flower that blooms but once in a hundred years, bursts into its perfection in a single night, and is gone.

When I afterwards expressed my regret at having no record of the sermon beyond what my own memory, broken and confused by sorrow, could afford—he replied:—"I have no definite recollection of what I said. I never thought of what I was going to say till I stood up to say it. I poured it out from my heart."

And indeed he poured consolation into mine: the only sort of consolation that could enter there.

But I will not speak of myself. Apart from her

I have no existence as regards these pages; and I have finished the Memoir.

I have finished it—so far at least as that can be called finished which ends without completeness. Incomplete it must be, from the nature of the subject and the necessary limits of its extent. Had I undertaken to give a complete description of her singularly beautiful character and varied powers, as shown in ways innumerable, day by day, under every variety of circumstances, I must have written volumes, and the book would have been unreadable except perhaps to the very few who might have time as well as inclination to study the proportions of a mind simple in its unity of purpose, intricate in its harmonies.

Her character was like the ocean on a calm sunny day—translucent near the surface, difficult to sound in its depths. Any person, having a heart and ordinary intelligence, might appreciate her to a certain extent, and few failed to do so according to their measure; but the very openness of her disposition was a difficulty in the way, for it led people to suppose that they could see into her character, when they really were looking no farther than the surface on which they saw something not unlike themselves reflected. Anyone looking upon the Mediterranean from the deck of a ship, and not knowing its depth, might easily

suppose that he could see to the bottom, if he forgot to wonder why he could not see what the mass of sparkling water rested on. He would not have the same difficulty if he were looking at a duck-pond, for he could sound it with a walking stick.

But her childlike openness was deceptive to the judgment in another way. Her principles of action were so much higher than those of the world, that the world, judging her kindly indeed, but according to its own experiences, could not see the fitness of their application. Very good, conscientious people often found her a puzzle to their practical common sense, just because they were not aware that she was more practical, and more full of common sense than they. We cannot see what is above us, unless we look upwards.

Again, her gracefulness of mind, person, and manner hid the strength of her will more or less from the eyes of all who had not full opportunities of testing its power. I never knew a woman who had so strong a will, or who would so easily bend it to the wishes of others whenever she could do so without sacrificing a right principle; but that was the very reason why casual or insufficient observers were likely to misunderstand her in that respect: for the power of her will was exercised most against herself, and never conspicuously; but

anyone might see her yield in trifles that would have made obstinacy resist, conscious of its own weakness.

Then again, her simplicity, her childlike joyousness, her habitual wish to please, her desire to meet with sympathy from others, her sensitiveness to unkind feelings, whether towards herself or some one else, were qualities that all could recognize in her; but all could not see that her simplicity was the guide of a wonderfully penetrating intuition, the safeguard of most serious thought, and that neither her wish to please, nor her desire for sympathy, was for her own sake, but for the higher advantage of others. Who would have gathered from experience of the world and knowledge of its principles that unkindness to herself pained her simply because it was evil? Yet nothing can be more certain. Evil of every sort pained her intensely, and any unkindness to her, by thought, word, or deed, was an evil sign in the few people who so indulged themselves. I say advisedly, and with practical illustrations in my mind, that I should never place the least confidence in them. I could always take the measure of people, intellectually as well as morally, by their appreciation, non-appreciation, or defective appreciation of her. The measurement was always exact.

Her writings, as I said before, do not adequately represent her intellectual power, for the simple reason that she never was able to bestow on them the labour which they required and deserved; but no one can read them collectively with knowledge and intelligence, comparing each with the others and with those of other women, interpreting what they express, and still more what they suggest, in accordance with the true instinct and high tone of feeling which they cannot fail to recognize in everything she wrote, no one, in short, can really understand them, appreciate them fairly, see them in the light of the author's mind—and there is no other way of understanding or appreciating any work whatever, no one can read them with the will and the ability to view what they read as it is, and not as borrowed theories or foregone conclusions might shape it, without perceiving the unmistakable marks of a vigorously original mind, strengthened and developed, rather than adorned, by a vivid and beautiful imagination, dramatic, poetical, and artistic.

One word more on this subject. Could I have had space to write a critical notice of her works with sufficient extracts from them to illustrate my meaning, I should have been able to place before the reader something much more like a life-portrait of her character and mind than the poor sketch I

have given ; but deficient it must even then have been. It could not describe the immense capabilities that better health would have enabled her to cultivate and the intellectual sufficiency of Catholic teaching would have brought to their perfection: it could not make evident the vigorous versatility of her powers; it could not show in the light of my own special and exact experience those marks of genius which the events of every-day life continually brought into evidence. It was in home-life that they could really be seen and recognized, for there only were opportunities as various as her powers of using them. Whether she took up a painting-brush (she painted beautifully in oils) and characterized a picture, not her own, in a few touches, or detected a political fallacy as soon as she heard of it, or ran her fingers over the harp when we were alone, bringing such tones that I have never heard from anyone else, or saw the bearing of a business question, while others were thinking about it, or drew on the first scrap of paper that came to hand an architectural sketch of singularly perfect form and proportion, or designed a building without omission of any requirement, carrying out the design without forgetting one detail, or read a character through with the simplicity of a child and the acuteness that other people acquire by long habit and the cultivation of mistrust, she

could not help setting the seal of her own vigorous originality on the act.

And if the powers of the mind may sometimes, as in the present instance, be more accurately measured at home than elsewhere, much more do the moral virtues—especially when a supernatural motive flows through all of them—require to be seen at home, in order to be seen in their number, their beauty, and their proportion; like lilies of the valley, which are beautiful everywhere, but grow in the shade, and are seen best where they grow. This is pre-eminently true as regards her; and I must here refer briefly to one habitual example of her practical conscientiousness and spirit of self-denial, because hardly anyone was aware of it—I mean her habitual practise of personal economy, in direct opposition to inclinations, tastes, genius, and even wants. Were I to say how little she spent on her dress, I should not expect to be believed, for she always appeared in Society well and becomingly dressed; but many of the dresses that looked the best had cost the least, or were old ones that had been shaped into different fashions modified after her own. All her personal expenses were far below the lowest calculation of what she was fully entitled to make them. Whatever she had for personal use was

chosen in that Catholic spirit of poverty without which it is impossible to be truly generous or practically just. Whatever she did was done in that spirit: therefore she was generous and just to an extent that was neither known nor imagined by friends who had known her longest. Yet the economy that enabled her to be so entailed a continuous act of self-denial—a constant sacrifice, not merely of cultivated tastes and of powers that she could not help feeling within her, but of things which, to one so delicately organised, may fairly be called necessities.

I have finished—not in the reality of completeness, but in fact. And now, at the end of a task for which, as regards my own feelings, I cannot find a name, so inseparably have pain and consolation been united, I have only to say that, if my description of her character should seem to anyone highly coloured, the cause lies in the nature of the facts. I have neither overstated the truth, nor given a deeper colour to it by manner of expression. A beautiful character, complete as a whole and proportioned in its parts, is often liable to seem unreal when viewed from a distance, because everyday experience is an impediment to belief in its reality. I have myself mistaken a beautiful exotic flower for one made of wax because it seemed to me to be too beautiful to be natural,

and because I happened to see it where wax flowers were more likely to be.

Among the many consolations that have enabled me to bear a loss co-extensive with the whole range of earthly interests, is the knowledge, derived from her own words often repeated, that a book written by myself helped her into the Church:* but it is a far greater consolation to know that she alone, of all earthly beings, made it possible for me to have done so. And I do know —if I know anything at all, that she brought me into the Church as effectually as if she had been conscious of what she was doing. I know that the relations of cause and effect were as distinct as if she had been a Catholic at the time.

Circumstances considered, it could not have happened otherwise; for the providential order of events that brought me into the Church before her, had only strengthened the causes of her Catholic influence over me. How could I witness the constant struggle between her Catholic instincts and her fear of being led by a human motive—how could I see her day by day following, at the greatest possible sacrifice, the dictates of conscience, unsatisfying to her soul, yet apparently permanent, and not feel the

* Sherborne, or the House at the Four Ways.

silent influence of her life on my own growing convictions? When I say that a lady—one of the best and dearest friends that I have, or ever can have, whose mind and character she formed—gives testimony to the fact of having been trained by her as if by a novice mistress, so that, on becoming a Catholic, everything except the necessary course of doctrinal instruction was familiar, I have said enough to show what the nature of her influence was. Were I not able to attribute my conversion to her, I should consider myself to be even more unworthy of that unspeakable blessing than I am.

APPENDIX.

WORKS

BY

GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.

		Vols.
1.	Aunt Dorothy's Tale. (Bentley, 1837) . .	2
2.	Rambles in the South of Ireland. (Saunders and Otley, 1839)	2
3.	A Good Match, and other Tales. (Bentley, 1840)	3
4.	Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. (Saunders and Otley, 1841) .	3
5.	The Pyrenees and Spain . . . . (Saunders & Otley, 1843)	2
6.	Allanston, or the Infidel. (Newby, 1843) .	3
7.	Reflections on the History of the Kings of Judah (Newby, 1848)	1
8.	"Compensation." Anonymous. (Parker, 1856)	2
9.	Life and its Realities. (Hurst & Blackett, 1857)	3
10.	The Reigning Beauty. (Hurst & Blackett, 1858)	3
11.	Extracts from Jean Paul. (Parker, 1851) .	1

		Vols.
12.	Memorials Personal and Historical of Admiral Lord Gambier. (Hurst & Blackett) . .	2
13.	Selections from Works of Plato. (Bentley, 1862)	1
14.	The Heiress and her Lovers. (Bentley, 1863) .	3
15.	Leonore, and other Poems. (Macmillan, 1864) .	1
16.	Quagmire a-head. (Privately printed, 1864)	*Pamphlet*
17.	Grey's Court. (Smith and Elder, 1865) .	2
18.	Oswald of Deira. A Drama. (Longman, 1867)	1
19.	A Plea for Happiness and Hope. (Privately printed)	*Pamphlet*
20.	Country Coteries. (Hurst & Blackett, 1868) .	3
21.	Lady May. A Pastoral. (Richardson, 1869) .	1
22.	The Golden Bird.	*In a Magazine, two numbers*
23.	The Lost Bride. (Hurst & Blackett, 1872) .	3
24.	Won at Last. (Hurst & Blackett, 1874) .	3
25.	Extracts from Aristotle's Works. Privately printed 1875.	
26.	Misgivings and Convictions. 1875.	*Two Pamphlets.*
27.	The Consolation of a Devout Soul. From the Italian of Frassinetti. (Burns.) . .	1

THE END.

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